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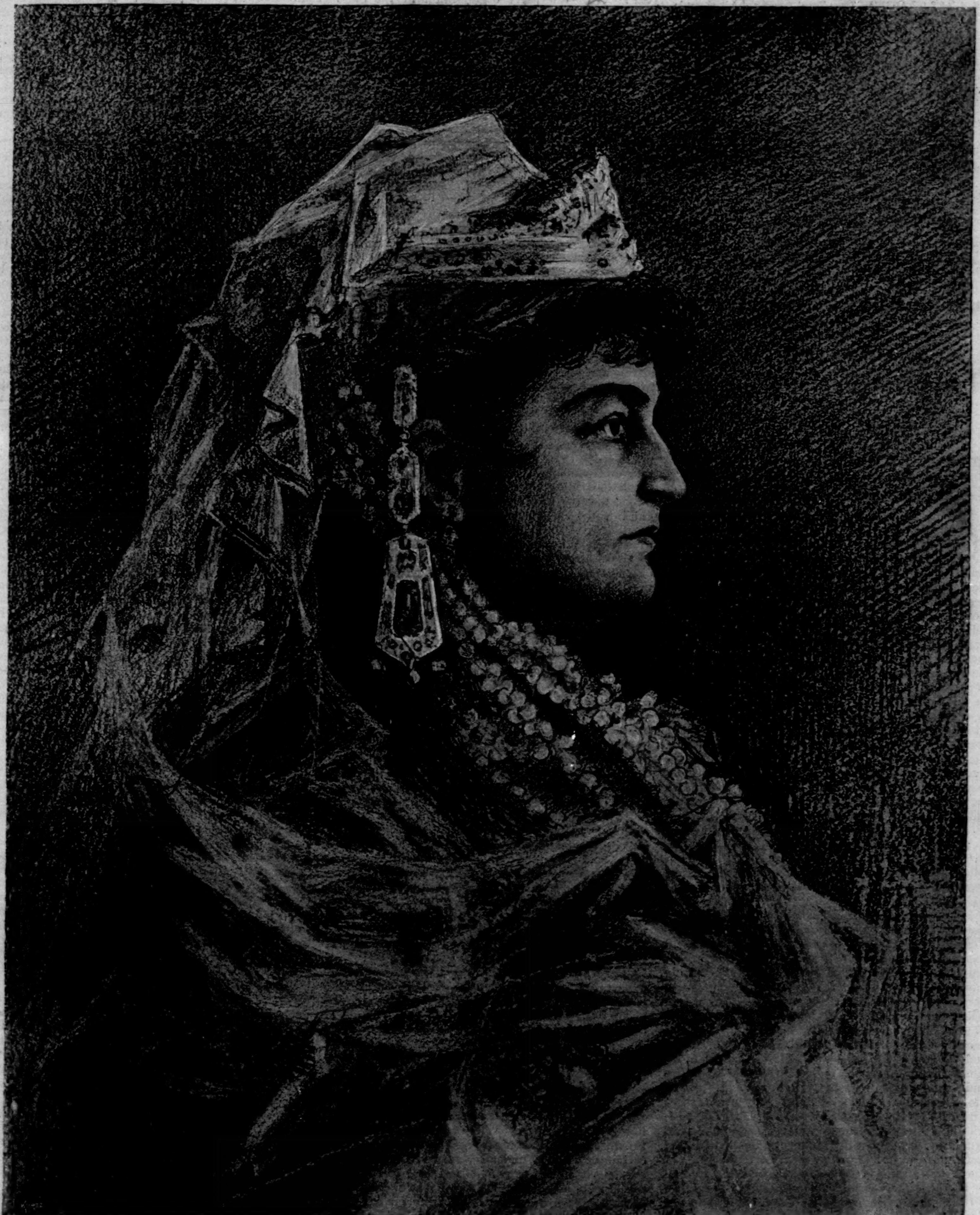

MME. LILLI LEHMANN-KALISCH, IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF GOLDMARK'S OPERA "THE QUEEN OF SHEBA."—Drawn from Life by Arthur J. Goodman.—[See Page 47.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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LARGE-SIZED PEA-NUT POLITICS.

BETWEEN the autumn elections and the meeting of the State Legislatures at the beginning of the year there is always an apparent lull in active politics, although it is supposed that the active politician never rests. During the recent political lull the most active, or at least the most actively discussed, politician was Governor HILL, of New York. The secret of his activity was believed to be his desire of the Presidential nomination of his party in 1892, and his consciousness that he must owe his success less to personal ascendency than to skilful management. In this latter respect his eminence is conceded. Indeed it was the recognition of this kind of ability which interested Mr. TILDEN in young Mr. HILL, and first brought him forward in politics. The Governor has apparently decided that the traditions and character of his party are stronger than any Democratic personality; that the party will certainly sustain the regular nomination; that no candidate will be nominated who is not supported in the Convention by the delegation of his own State; that the electoral vote of New York, if not decisive in the election, should be secured if possible; that he can command the State delegation in the Convention; and that he has already proved his ability to carry the State against great odds in an election.

Discourse and enthusiasm about principles and national policies the Governor evidently regards as sentimental rhetoric, a kind of verbal fireworks and banners and transparencies and lively chorus, which animate a campaign and produce desirable excitement, while the actual work is done by bargains, patronage, careful calculations of interests to be propitiated and prejudices to be flattered. When speeches must be made, generalizations about the true and ancient and time-honored Democracy, the greatness and wisdom of the people, and the wickedness of attempts, under the plea of reform, to deprive ignorance and drunkenness and corruption of their just part in the government, judicious approvals of measures which have been adopted by the party, and of leaders who have held high office, and throughout a plain sympathy, implied rather than expressed, with the reactionary rather than the progressive tendency of the party—all this is obviously held by the Governor to be the safer course. No man in the party, the Governor seems to say, holds a mortgage upon the Presidency; certainly no man who, while holding the office, has been defeated at the polls. Politics are practical. The successful candidate is a man in full sympathy with the spirit and average intelligence and feeling of the party, not a man who stands for what he thinks it ought to be, and who is therefore regarded with jealousy as assuming to be superior to his comrades. I am a Democrat—that is, I am for the saloons and for all the old practices and cries of Democratic politics, and against the new-fangled reforms and airy pretences of public virtue.

This is apparently the view and the purpose of Governor HILL, and his position is not one to be dismissed with a sneer. It is substantially the view of bosses and managers and politicians in all parties, and the practical power of such machine politicians was never greater than now. Democratic orators at tariff reform dinners and Democratic editors in enthusiastic journals will hear of nothing but Mr. CLEVELAND as the candidate. But how many Democrats in New York voted against Governor HILL last year? With the party organization in the State wholly in the hands of the Governor, with all the evidence which a Convention can consider that he and not Mr. CLEVELAND represents the party in the State, would not the Convention hesitate? If the friends of Mr. CLEVELAND should remark significantly that Governor HILL could not and should not carry the State, could not the Governor's friends make the same remark and very much more effectively? The moral of such a situation is that honest and patriotic men should refuse to sustain their party in doubtful or plainly wrong courses, because a party must always pay the penalty of its traditions. A few honest, enlightened, and earnest men, united upon a great and beneficent policy, may organize a new party much more readily than they can wrest an old one to their purpose. This fact was illustrated in the movement of the conscience Whigs and the free-soil Democrats nearly fifty years ago.

PATERNAL GOVERNMENT.

THE question of a protective tariff, as Mr. GLADSTONE shows in his recent article, is not one of infinite and complex details only, into which experts alone can hopefully enter, and in which they often merely array assertion against assertion, but it is one which involves great principles of government. Its chief principle is foreign to the American doctrine of liberty, because, as its name implies, it is paternalism. Protection is paternalism applied to trade or commercial intercourse, as the various degrees of despotic administration in other countries are paternalism in the sphere of politics. The public authority which regulates individual freedom in travel, in residence, in public meeting and debate, in speaking, in writing, and in voting, is akin to that which restricts the same freedom in buying and selling. It is indeed an authority which, under the plea of the public good, tends to absorb every function, and instead of exercising only the power which is expressly given to it, assumes that the individual may exercise only such freedom as it may permit. LOUIS NAPOLEON, in the effort to establish his personal rule in France, called himself the savior of society, which is the ancient plea of despotism.

This general view was admirably and forcibly stated at the late dinner of the Tariff Reform League in Boston by Mr. JOHN M. FORBES, who until recently was one of the strongest and most liberal and efficient Republican leaders in New England. But upon the question of protection as in itself a good and wise policy he has parted with the party. He cited the course of events in France under the two empires, which ended in fearful disaster for the French people. Every omnibus wheel and post-horse wore the government badge. The interfering hand of public authority reached everywhere. Overtaxation, extravagance, corruption, jobbery, and all forms of tyranny and injustice, and the general dry-rot under which the Second Empire crumbled, were due to the spirit of paternalism, which Mr. FORBES defines as over-government or an absorbing centralization, as opposed to local government, or LINCOLN's government "of the people, by the people, for the people." High tariff, posing as protection of the poor laborer, and holding on to a surplus which breeds extravagance, corruption, and jobbery, necessarily tends to a reaction in which the laborer will be the sufferer. Moreover, he argues, it is the precursor of socialism or communism; for if the interests of trade may be properly protected by government at the expense of other interests and industries, those other interests may in turn, and logically, be equally protected by government, until Mr. BELLAMY's Look Backward will be shown to be merely a Look Forward.

This is the philosophy of protection. It is a form of paternalism, and therefore it is not agreeable to what we may call Americanism, in which Mr. FORBES has great confidence. Whatever may have seemed to American enlightenment and common-sense in a certain degree and under certain circumstances permissible or desirable, yet the tendency to convert a medicine or a stimulant into daily food or drink must be jealously watched. He finds comfort in LINCOLN's shrewd saying, "You may fool some of the people all the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time," and from BURKE's famous sentence, "The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion." The paternal aspect of protection is well worthy universal attention, apart from the contested details of the tariff schedules.

NEW YORK AT WASHINGTON.

THE New York Committee on the World's Fair decided to make an imposing and, it is hoped, a persuasive appeal to Congress, which will result in the choice of this city as the seat of the Fair. There should seem to be no doubt of this result; but for that very reason there is doubt, because the delay shows that apparently the decision will be made upon other considerations than the merits of the case. New York is the chief city and the great commercial port of the country, and its facilities of access and of accommodation are unsurpassed. The exhibition is to be international, and the name of the city is familiar throughout the world, which regards New York as bearing the same relation to this country that London bears to England and Paris to France, so that the selection of any other place for such a purpose would excite wonder and inquiry and demand explanation, while transshipment and long land carriage of foreign articles designed for exhibition would repel exhibitors.

New York, also, has subscribed the necessary guarantee fund, and the General Committee contains the names of eminent citizens, who are universally known throughout the country, and who attest the active co-operation of the representative citizenship of the city in the great enterprise. There is nevertheless doubt, as is shown emphatically by the fact that an imposing representation at Washington to urge the choice of New York is thought to be desirable. The truth is that, as usual, there are some politics in the affair. Every great public proposition, of whatever character, is instantly scanned with jealousy and suspicion by the chiefs of rival political parties, to estimate its bearings upon party interests. The project of the Fair is seen to be coincident with the return of Tammany Hall to complete supremacy in the city, and as the Fair will take place in the year of a Presidential election, the question presents itself to the political mind, which party will probably secure the larger profit in the enormous patronage and jobbery which accompany such an undertaking?

This, however, is a question which cannot be publicly presented and argued. The speeches are naturally pitched in a high patriotic key, and eloquently advance the conclusive general arguments. If the voting should accord with the weight of argument, an imposing array of citizens would not be necessary to enforce the plea. But New York is not exactly a favorite in Washington. The State and the city are conscious of their importance, and yet, with notable and familiar exceptions, their representation in Congress does not profoundly impress the members with the conviction that size is greatness. There is, in fact, a certain willingness to "take down" the imperial State and the metropolis of America which may affect the voting. But neither the political feeling nor the desire of snubbing ought to affect such a decision as that of Congress upon the place for the World's Fair, and therefore the decision will furnish an excellent illustration of the spirit and wisdom of the national Legislature.

SCHOOLS AND PRISONS.

IN every American community the prisons and the schools are subjects of the first interest, because of the conviction that the more comprehensive and efficient the school system, the less burdensome will be the prisons. We have already remarked that Mr. DRAPER, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and a singularly intelligent and devoted officer, tells us that in this State, while the schools during the last year cost us about $16,000,000, the percentage of attendance was smaller than in any preceding year. He is followed by Mr. LATHROP, the Superintendent of Prisons, who says that the year shows a deplorable disintegration of prison industries, a moral deterioration among the prisoners, with an unprecedented rate of death and insanity, and a greater financial deficit than for thirteen years. He is entirely justified in saying that it is "perhaps the most unsatisfactory and most unfortunate year that has been experienced in our State certainly for a long term of years."

The two reports together present a very disagreeable picture of the present condition of these two most important systems. The Superintendent of Public Instruction recommends a strict and efficient compulsory law. It is a simple and obvious remedy. A State which spends sixteen millions of dollars a year upon free schools should take care, in justice to the people who pay that enormous tax, that the money is spent to the utmost advantage. Lieutenant-Governor JONES is reported to object to the ballot law that it disfranchises the ignorant voter. But with adequate free schools maintained by the State, why should a voter plead that he cannot read? Whose fault is it? And why should the fault be pleaded as an argument against a most desirable law? Why should we all be exposed to the consequences of political corruption because somebody has been too lazy or too careless to learn to read? The law as proposed makes provision for aiding such a voter at the polls, but without weakening the law. To weaken the law to aid him would be a gross public wrong. Having provided the opportunity of education for every citizen of New York, let New York now take care that the opportunity is not neglected but improved. Those who refuse to avail themselves of the provision should pay the penalty. Certainly the laws should not be weakened to conform to their neglect.

The wretched condition of the prisons is due to politics; that is, to the futile attempt to conduct the prisons not upon wise and approved principles of effective management of penal industries, but at the will of demagogues to win votes at the polls. The contract system was abolished because it demoralized the prisoners. It was condemned by the most careful and experienced observers, who held that the prisons were not to be managed solely with the purpose of making them self-supporting, but that the character and reformation of the prisoners must be chiefly regarded. The law of 1888, which practically suspended prison labor so that it might not compete with outside labor, soon brought the prisons into an absolutely intolerable condition, and showed the logical result of a management which was based upon extrinsic considerations. The law which was responsible for this outrage, both upon the prisoners and upon the people at large, was superseded by the act of last year, which aims to employ the prisoners, with carefully adjusted regard to competition with outside labor and to the self-support of the prisons. The results of this law, which are only now appearing, the superintendent finds to be encouraging, and it is very improbable that the demagogues will soon deal another blow at the prisons so disastrous as the law of 1888. But it will be long before the State recovers from the effects of that outrageous legislation.

THE REAL POINT OF ATTACK.

The opposition to the confirmation of General Morgan as Indian Commissioner is placed upon its true ground by the Roman Catholic Archbishop Ireland in a letter to the Philadelphia *Press*. The Archbishop's letter gives a new and significant and national importance to the whole question, which should be well understood. The Archbishop says:

> "The policy of Mr. Morgan is to discourage and, as soon as possible, eliminate the mission or so-called contract schools among the Indians, and build up exclusively the purely governmental or government schools."

Mr. Herbert Welsh points out that General Morgan's present plan is simply to make the government Indian schools as efficient as possible, and

> "to secure from Congress sufficient appropriations of money to insure the education, through these means, of all Indian children of school age who are not at present provided for either in government schools or in the mission schools of the various religious bodies."

General Morgan has given during the year more than $350,000 to the Catholic contract mission schools. But his view is the true one, that ultimately, when the government schools are thoroughly established as entirely efficient, government aid to sectarian Indian schools may be wisely discontinued.

Archbishop Ireland says that purely secular education is not good for Indian children. But the policy of the government of the United States does not favor grants for sectarian schools, while it does not discriminate among religious bodies in the appointment of teachers. This also is the true policy. The opposition to the confirmation of General Morgan is plainly a sectarian attack upon the public-school system, and his defeat by such an assault would be a very serious public misfortune.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

The bill introduced in the Senate for the appointment and retirement of General John C. Fremont as a Major-General in the army recalls a familiar figure of thirty-four years ago. His nomination for the Presidency by the Republican party was a striking illustration of the methods of American politics. The slavery question had become so supreme that it dissolved the Whig party in 1852, and organized the Republican party in 1853, which in 1856 cast 1,341,264 votes for its Presidential candidate against 1,838,169 for Buchanan, and 874,534 for Fillmore.

But the remarkable fact was that a party which suddenly arose upon a moral issue, and which was so powerful as almost to succeed in its first campaign, should have selected for its candidate not one of its many conspicuous and well-known and able leaders, identified with the growth and development of the party and of the strongest antislavery convictions, but a young man of half foreign and Southern birth, known chiefly as an adventurous and daring explorer, and although of antislavery views, of Southern and Southwestern associations and connections. There was, in fact, no very general definite knowledge about him. But he received the nomination over Mr. Seward, the accepted Republican chief, and Judge McLean, a Western conservative and conciliatory Republican, because of "availability."

The campaign that followed was unprecedented for its intense feeling. On the Republican side, moral enthusiasm took the place of ordinary party spirit. The campaign appeals were addressed to the conscience, the primary sense of right and justice. They were not ingenious arguments for a policy; and Mr. Seward, after recovering from his disappointment, showed in most impressive detail the complete ascendency of the slave power in every part of the government. The candidate, Fremont, who was little seen in public and said nothing, was a figure of romance and a symbol of the great party which was to be "the Pathfinder" of freedom. The more unknown he was, the more freely imagination could represent him as the gallant and noble embodiment of true Americanism. The younger men were perfectly confident of success, but defeat consecrated them only the more closely to the cause until it triumphed. The real Fremont of those days is now an old man. But the Fremont for whom those youth spoke and sang and toiled never existed.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

A correspondent in Ohio asks why a better plan than that of the separate compartment in the Australian system would not be the sending of the tickets to voters a week in advance for reflection and preparation. Because they would then be "cooked" by the bosses and captains. The law is aimed at corruption and coercion. But the suggestion of our correspondent opens the door to both. It is the voters who do not wish to "reflect and prepare" in a good sense that the law would prevent from being used by traders of every kind and degree. Actual practice has amply proved the advantage of the compartment.

THE AMERICAN WAY.

Everybody in Brooklyn will be glad to hear that Postmaster Hendrix will be allowed to serve out his term, which ends in June next. The reason is that he is so good and satisfactory an officer. How many Brooklynites will be really glad six months hence, when longer service will have made him by so much a better and more satisfactory officer, to see a new and inexperienced man appointed in his place, who will remove as many of his good and satisfactory subordinates as the law will permit, while the public will necessarily suffer? If this kind of folly occurred under a despotism, we should pity the poor people who were made its victims. But Brooklyn people, although living under a republic, can recall for their consolation the Irishman who was accommodated with a sedan-chair without a bottom, and subsequently remarked that, except for the name of the thing, it was mighty loike walking.

CLEAN NEW YORK.

People in all parts of the country will be delighted to know that Mayor Grant, of New York, says in his annual message that it is the firm purpose of the city government to secure clean streets, and that no excuse will be accepted for dirty thoroughfares. The only exception to be taken to this remark is its tense. We have long enjoyed future clean streets and reforms of many kinds yet to be accomplished. The good New-Year resolutions of the messages of Presidents, Governors, and Mayors are familiar, and in themselves exhilarating. They are, indeed,

> "Ever charming, ever new:
> When will the 'prospect' tire the view?"

But a clean street would be also new and charming.

WHY "CONGRESSMAN"?

The Constitution of the United States says that all legislative power which it grants shall be vested in a Congress, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives. The two together compose the Congress, and a member of either House is a member of Congress, or, if a very clumsy single word be preferred, a Congressman. But a Representative is no more a member of Congress than a Senator, and therefore no more entitled to the appellation. If a Senator should assume to be distinctively and especially a Congressman, he would be ridiculous. How is it with a Representative who should make the same assumption?

But if he could not justly claim such a name for himself, nobody could properly bestow it upon him. In New York the popular House is called the Assembly, and a member is therefore properly called an Assemblyman. But the popular House of Congress is called the House of Representatives, not Congress, and consequently a Representative is most improperly called by distinction a Congressman. There is nothing gained in definiteness of description, or even in time of pronunciation, by calling a Representative a Congressman. It is just as easy to say "My Representative" as "My Congressman."

The use of the word Congressman for Representative has become so general that it is likely to continue. The plea would be that as a Senator is always called Senator, no confusion arises from calling a Representative a Congressman. But the objection lies in the unnecessary incorrectness. Nothing is gained in definiteness, in picturesqueness, in convenience, or in any other way. It is like saying fust for first, or git for get—simply incorrect.

SPACE WANTED IN THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The question of rapid transit in the city of New York is one of the deepest interest to millions of men and women in and around the city. Indeed, the interest of women is only numerically less than that of men. The immense business of shopping makes an ample and convenient system of transit in the city indispensable to wives and mothers, who, however, are seldom mentioned in the discussions of the subject. The extreme pressure upon the present accommodations of street travel and the large foreign population of the city are already impairing native American courtesy, and the street and elevated cars are not a good "school of the gentleman."

One of the projects with which the legislative year opens at Albany is a scheme for rapid transit in New York. But the instant it was announced it was enveloped in a cloud of conflicting rumors and assertions involving the usual jobbery and speculation, and raising the question whether the city can obtain any public relief or convenience without a degree and amount of corruption which make it a public misfortune. When such schemes are announced, the prompt denials of many citizens whose names have been associated with them that they have any concern with them whatever, greatly disturb public faith in the accuracy of newspaper statements. The desperate rivalry of enterprising reporters to secure "beats" for their journals may even recall to the reflective reader the gibe of Horace Walpole, "Read me anything but history; for that, I know, is a lie." Mayor Grant, in his message, says that what the municipal authorities want is the best system of rapid transit at the earliest day. That is the universal want, and it is delightful to know that the Aldermen share the desire. But what those eminent public functionaries and the city members of the Legislature might hold to be "the best system," opens a wide field of speculation.

All that is distinctly known is that if the great body of intelligent and industrious citizens of New York, obstructed and exasperated by the present inadequate resources of transit, desire to secure, through the representatives whom they have elected, the best system of transit in the shortest time and at the smallest cost, they cannot do it. That is the one certain thing. The Equitable Assurance Company can erect a magnificent and convenient building within a year or two in the best manner and at a reasonable cost. The State of New York, after spending sixteen or seventeen millions of dollars during twenty years to build a Capitol, must yet pay some four or five millions to finish it at some indefinite future time. How would it do to include the new Capitol at Albany and the dirty streets of New York in the World's Fair as illustrations of the promptness, cheapness, convenience, and satisfaction with which great public works of all kinds are accomplished in the chief State of the republic?

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Lucy Hooper, whose husband has for many years been Vice-Consul at Paris, has just succeeded in disposing of her play *Helen's Inheritance*. Her daughter, who has studied dramatic art abroad, brought the play to this country, and by her acting of the principal rôle insured the purchase of the drama. Mrs. Hooper has been long and favorably known as the Parisian correspondent of several American papers, and has also won reputation by her book *Under the Tricolor*.

—Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, in her dramatization of Mark Twain's charming book *The Prince and the Pauper*, has adapted the title rôles expressly for Elsie Leslie. In this new version of the work both parts are to be taken by the same actor, instead of, as heretofore, requiring two persons to fill them.

—Professor Murray, who has recently been chosen to succeed the famous Professor Jebb in the chair of Greek at the Glasgow University, is but twenty-five years old. He has also written a novel, something after the Rider Haggard style, and has gone into politics, espousing the home-rule cause.

—General James Longstreet, the Confederate, has lost his wife. She was a daughter of General John Garland, of the regular army, and was with her husband in much of his service on the frontier, in Mexico, and during the civil war.

—The Ladies' Hermitage Association has been formed of Southern ladies, to take charge of and preserve The Hermitage, General Jackson's former home, about twelve miles from Nashville, Tennessee. The property includes the home and tomb of the General, and twenty-five acres of land, with numerous relics.

—The late Horatio Allen, of Montrose, New Jersey, ran the first locomotive that was ever used in this country. He was sent to England in 1826, by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, to buy the rails and three locomotives for a railroad of sixteen miles, which they wished to build in connection with their mines in the Lackawanna Valley. Having performed his commission and built his road, Mr. Allen could find no one to act as engineer on the locomotive he had imported, the task being considered most dangerous; so he took hold of the lever, and ran the engine several miles down the track and back, to prove that it was safe. Mr. Allen was graduated at Columbia College and studied law, but left that profession for the more congenial pursuit of civil engineering, in which he gained prominence.

—Major Serpa Pinto, whose conduct of Portuguese affairs in Africa has roused the ire of the British lion, is a native of Portugal, and forty-four years old. He joined the Portuguese army in 1863, and has made himself especially valuable to his country in the general European scramble for dominion in Africa.

—Mary Anderson is thirty years old, and has been on the stage fourteen years. She has had numerous offers of marriage, but is still heart free, she tells her intimate friends, and recent reports of her engagement to a New York young man are without foundation.

—Lincoln College (Oxford) has recently bought a picture of John Wesley, which is either the original or a replica of a picture painted by James Williams in 1743, when Wesley was a fellow of Lincoln.

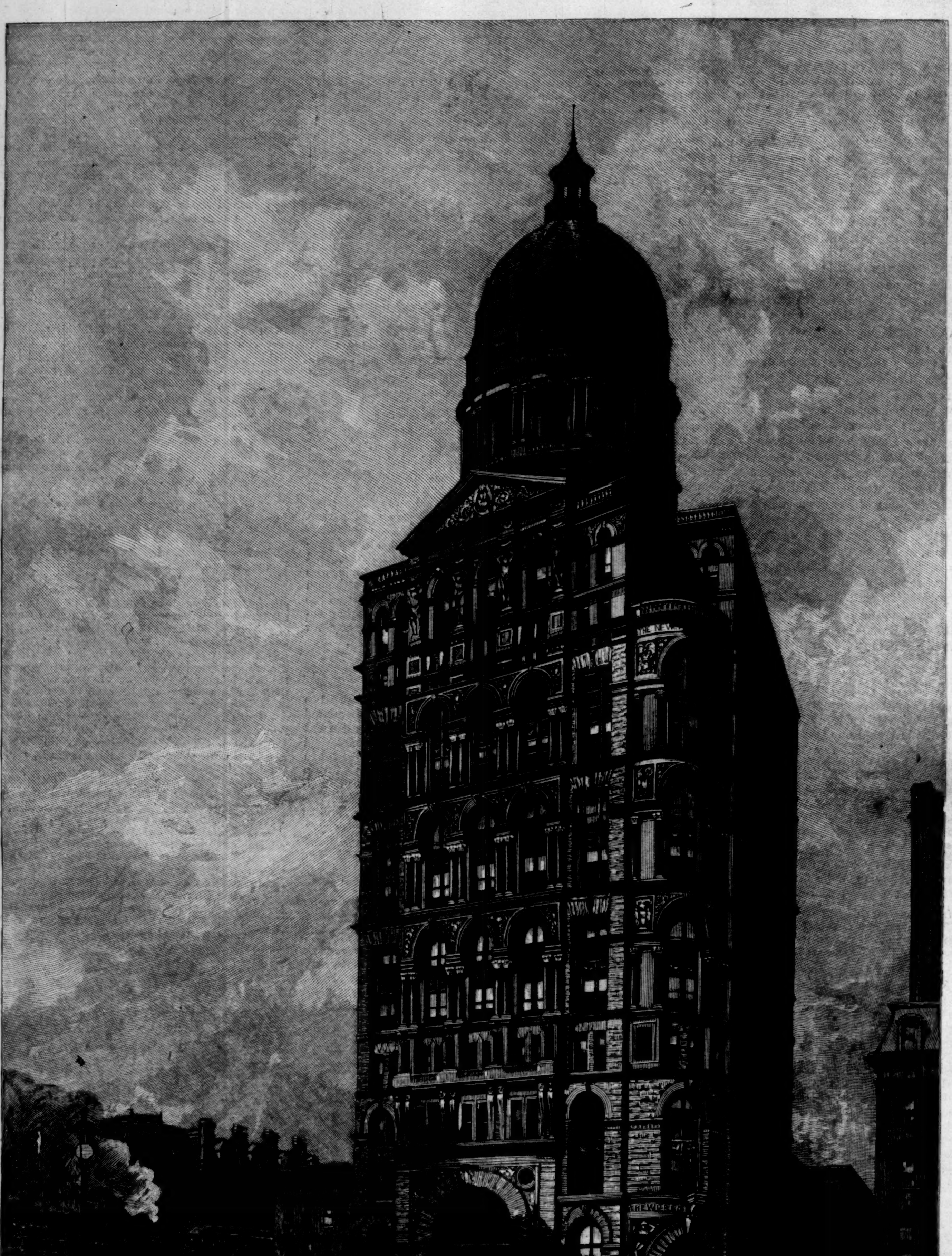
—Notwithstanding the pressure of public cares and the burden of eighty years (which, however, do not seem to sit heavily on his shoulders), Mr. Gladstone has found an opportunity to examine and commend Harper's Young People. In his article in the current number of the *North American Review* Mr. Gladstone says of the Young People, "It far surpasses all that the enterprise and skill of our publishers have been able to produce." Such a commendation is very gratifying, and the more so because it is entirely spontaneous—a fact which need hardly be stated, in view of the connection in which the words appear.

—The engagement of Miss Ellen Bayard, the youngest daughter of the ex-Secretary, to Count Lewenhaupt, who was a member of the Swedish legation at Washington during her father's term of office, is announced. The count is now studying practical mechanics in this country.

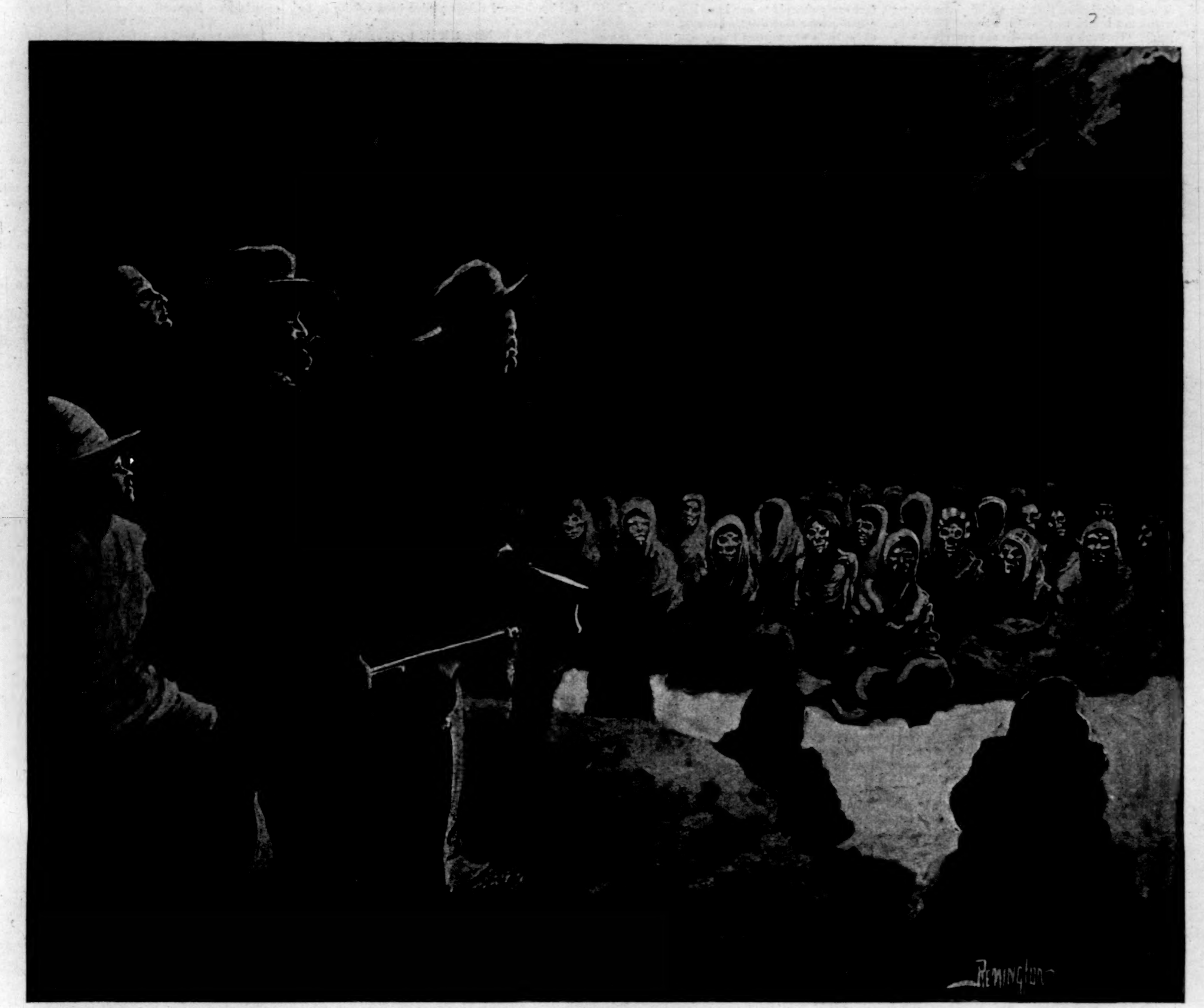
—One of the survivors of the famous charge at Balaklava lives in Hartford, Connecticut. He is Joseph Howe, an ornamental plasterer, and carries the marks of the battle on his face and neck, which were badly cut by pieces of shell. Although Howe came to this country twenty-five years ago, he has never been made an American citizen.

—Clark Howell, who has been chosen to succeed the late Henry W. Grady as managing editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, is twenty-six years old. He has, nevertheless, served two terms in the Georgia Legislature, and has been connected with papers in New York and Philadelphia, besides working on the *Constitution*.

—Rev. Henry W. Lyle, M.A., the first deaf-mute ever ordained to the ministry in this country, has just died in Philadelphia, where he was rector of All-Souls' Church. He was born in China, his father being a missionary, and completed his education at Yale, after studying for a while at Cambridge, England, and two other European colleges.



THE PULITZER BUILDING, THE NEW HOME OF THE NEW YORK "WORLD."—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 47.]



IN THE CAVE OF THE DEAD.

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.*

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

IX.—THE CAVE OF THE DEAD.

VERY dismal was our procession of faintly seen figures moving cautiously through this wild solitude. At its head went Rayburn, leading his horse on which was Dennis's dead body; all of us, being bruised and cut and bleeding, walked slowly and painfully; and behind us, ghastly forms torn by bullets and crushed by blows, lay the slain Indians in all manner of unnatural attitudes, made yet more hideous and fantastical by the gathering gloom of night. Indeed, night now was so close upon us that had not the cañon in which we were run east and west, we would have been for some time past in darkness. As it was, though shut off from the west by the great range of mountains, a faint light came down into its depths from the still bright eastern sky, where lingered ruddy reflections of the sunset: and so we could see to pick our way, along the edge of the little stream, among the rough masses of rock and trunks of trees which had fallen from above.

Our march ended sooner than we had counted on. Before we had accomplished more than half a mile of this rough travelling, there loomed before us a wall of rock which shut in the end of the cañon, and which rose as high and as sheer as did the cañon's sides. Our hearts sank within us, for we perceived that we were in a cul-de-sac; whence escape was possible only along the way by which we had come—and so to return, with the Indians still in wait for us, was to walk straight into the jaws of death. And, further, if our course in this direction was cut off, it was evident that the King's symbol graved upon the rock at the entrance of the cañon was a useless and misleading sign.

In the hope that we might find a sharp turn, not to be perceived until we were close upon it, we pressed on through the dusk until we came to the very end of the cañon, and the dark wall of rock that barred our way rose directly above our heads. And then we found, not a turn in the cañon, but a narrow opening (through which came forth the little stream) into the body of the mountain itself. Yet we hesitated about entering this black gap—for who could tell what depths, unseen in that dense darkness, we might not plunge into headlong?

Much dry pine wood, branches and whole trees, lay about us in the cañon; and of this apt material Rayburn presently constructed a great torch. Lighting this in the open cañon was not to be thought of, for while we felt tolerably certain that the main body of our enemies had not followed us, we could not be wholly certain that they were not close upon our heels and ready to open upon us with a volley of arrows and spears. Rayburn therefore struck a wax match—with which excellent article of Mexican manufacture we were supplied plentifully—and with this to light his way entered the narrow pass; and in his wake the rest of us followed. Almost in a moment the walls on each side of us spread out beyond the reach of the narrow circle of light, and we perceived that we were come into a cave. But before we could at all discern our surroundings the match was blown out by a sudden suck of wind setting in from the entrance, and we were in thick darkness. The air around us was so sweet and so fresh that we knew that the cave must be large, and with more than one opening—as, indeed, the suck of wind inward through the passage by which we entered clearly showed. While Rayburn struck another match, wherewith to light the torch, we all stood still in our places; and certain tremors went through our breasts because of the eeriness of our surroundings.

When the great torch blazed up, and threw everywhere save toward the high roof a flood of light, a real and rational fear took possession of us. The cave was nearly circular, and at its back, directly facing the entrance, was a roughly hewn mass of stone on which rested a huge stone figure—identical with the figures in the Mexican National Museum to which Le Plongeon, the discoverer of one of them, at Chichen-Itza, has given the name of Chac-Mool. But what filled us with dread, was not this impassive stone image. Our alarm came from a much more natural cause, as we beheld, squatted on their haunches in long semicircular rows, facing the great stone idol, more than a hundred Indians. Truly, considering that our rifles were outside the cave and that we had with us only our revolvers, our momentary thrill of terror was highly natural.

Yet it was only momentary. The Indians, undisturbed by our presence and by the sudden blaze of light, remained unmoved in silent worship of their god; and Rayburn, the first of us to recover equanimity, set all our fears to flight as he exclaimed: "These are not the fighting kind. Every man Jack of 'em is as dead as Julius Cæsar. We've struck an Indian bone-yard."

Here, then, was the reason why a part of the force that had attacked us had drawn off when we made our stand at the mouth of the cañon that led to this home of the dead. Yet when, by the light of the torch, we examined our silent fellow-tenants of the cave, it did not seem that they had been placed here in recent times. Indeed, the more that Fray Antonio and I looked closely at their wrappings and noted the way in which their mummied forms had been ranged before this idol—that certainly belonged to a primitive time—the more were we inclined to believe that this weird sepulchre belonged to the very far back past. But for the moment it mattered not to us whence these dead forms came: the essential matter was that while we remained in the cave with them we were in absolute safety.

"Well," said Young, when we had reached this comforting conclusion, "since it's a sure thing that we're all right here, I move that we make ourselves comfortable. Let's bring in the stock, and get the packs off; and then we'll build a fire and eat another supper. Fighting Indians is hungry work, and I feel as if I hadn't had anything to eat for a week"—which suggestions were so reasonable that we at once proceeded to act upon them.

It was hard work for us, wounded and sore and tired as we were, to unfasten the pack cords; and still harder work to collect the wood for our fire. But we managed to accomplish it all at last; and most comforting and refreshing was the supper amidst those extraordinary surroundings. There was even cheerfulness about our meal—and yet over in the shadows at the back of the cave, touched now and then by a brighter flash of fire-light, lay before the heathen altar of old the body of our poor Dennis; and close beside us were the long rows of dead Indians. I sometimes have thought that it was strange that we then had any heart to eat at all, surrounded by so desolate a company. But there is that about killing one's fellow-creatures, and being in imminent peril of being killed one's self, I have found, that blunts for a while the souls of those who survive and makes them careless of death's awful mystery. As the fire crackled and blazed, giving out a plentiful warmth that in that chill place was most grateful to our aching bodies, our spirits seemed to brighten with its brightness; and when the rich smell of strong coffee mingled with the smell of stewing meats told that Young's cooking was nearly ended, we sniffed hungrily and eagerly; and when we actually fell to upon our meal I remember that we even laughed over it.

Yet it is but just to Fray Antonio to say that his fine spirit did not fall to the level of grossness that ours were brought to by what, as it seems to me, was an instinctive gladness on the part of our fleshly bodies that, for a while longer, they would not return to the dust whereof they were made. Through our meal he sat gravely silent, yet with so sweet and so tender an expression upon his gentle face that in his silence there was no suggestion of reproof. And when our meal was ended, and we were for stretching out upon our blankets before the fire and smoking our pipes comfortably, he reminded us, with no touch of harshness in his voice, that a last duty was claimed of us by our dead companion.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1722.

And, truly, the funeral ceremonies over Dennis in that strange place of burial made the most curious ending of a man that ever I saw. In the fine dry sand wherewith the cave was bedded, directly in front of the altar on which was the heathen idol, we dug his grave; toilsomely and with pain, for all of our bodies were hurt and sore. While we labored, two great torches flared upon the altar, propped against the idol; and long flickering rays of light shot out to us across the mummied bodies of the dead Indians—striking across their gleaming teeth, so that they seemed to smile at us—from the huge blaze of the fire.

From our stores Fray Antonio took out a little salt, and from the clear spring that bubbled up within the cave a cup of water; which elements he blessed and mingled as the rites of his Church prescribed. And with the water thus consecrated he sprinkled the body lying before the heathen altar; while his strong sweet voice chanted the *De Profundis*, so that all the cave rang with the rich melody of the holy strain, and our own breasts were thrilled by it. Gently we bore the body of poor Dennis from its resting-place before the altar to its last resting-place in the grave that we had dug there, while Fray Antonio said the *Miserere;* and as with our pack ropes we lowered the body into the earth, the priest sang the *Benedictus*, with its promise of a better life to come. And then a prayer ended all, and we filled in the grave.

"I'm Congregational, myself," Young said when our work was finished; "at least I was brought up that way; and I'm down on the Scarlet Woman from first to last. But I go in for lettin' folks believe what they've got a mind to; and when it comes to buryin' 'em it's only square to give 'em the sort of send-off that they'd really like. For a Catholic, I guess Dennis was a pretty good one; and I must say I think it would 'a' done him good to see the way we've given him a first-class funeral just in the shape he'd 'a' fixed things up for himself. But I guess what we've been at would have everlastin'ly shook up these dead fellows here, if they could have come to life for about five minutes while it was goin' on!"

There was an element of grim humor in this suggestion of Young's that tickled my fancy; and it was, indeed, allowing for the quaintness of his phrasing of it, but an expression of my own thoughts. But my reflection was upon the curious incongruity of it all; and upon the way in which religious faiths supplant each other, even as the different races of men who formulate them and believe in them supplant each other upon the face of the earth. Buried in this same cave were now the dead of two faiths and two races: who could tell what dead of other faiths and races yet unborn would lie here also before the end of time should come?

When all was ended, we were glad enough to lie down to give our battered bodies rest in sleep. We felt sure that no attack would be made upon us, yet we rolled some fragments of rock into the narrow entrance to the cave; arranging them in such a way that they would fall with a crash should any attempt be made to move them from outside. And, this precaution having been taken, we lay down upon our blankets thankfully and never troubled ourselves to keep any watch at all.

It was brilliantly light when we awoke, for the rays of the just risen sun were striking strongly into the cave through its entranceway; and much light came also through a crevice higher up, and through a great hole in the vastly high roof. Viewed in this clearer light, there was a horrible ghastliness about the mummies ranged in their orderly rows and presided over by the coarsely carved, coarsely conceived stone figure that in life they had worshipped as their god. On this image the sunshine fell full, and we perceived that its position evidently had been chosen carefully so that the very first ray of light from the rising sun would strike upon it. No doubt, in ancient times this cave had been a temple as well as a place of sepulchre.

We were well rested by our long and sound sleep; but the pain which was everywhere in our bodies, from our many bruises, and from our wounds, and from the aching stiffness of our muscles, made life for a time almost intolerable. Moreover, the languorous reaction, following the undue exaltation that came of our battling and escape, was upon us; so that our pain of body was accompanied by a most sombre and melancholy cast of mind. Yet again did the more balanced and delicate temperament of Fray Antonio shine out by contrast with our coarser make; for while he also suffered pains of the body, his mind was filled with a serene cheerfulness that found expression in kindly, comforting words by which our flagging spirits were strengthened and upheld. There was in Fray Antonio's nature, surely, a fund of gentle lovingness the like of which I never knew in any other man.

And, in truth, our plight was such that we stood in much need of comforting. Not only were we sick with our many hurts, but we were also prisoners. By the full light of day we examined carefully the cave, and found no outlet to it; and we examined carefully also the walls of the cañon throughout its full length, and made sure that there was no path leading upward whereby a man could go. And escape down the valley was cut off, for the Indians—who knew, no doubt, the manner of place we were caught in—were on guard and watching for us; which fact came sharply to our knowledge with a half-dozen arrows that dropped among us as we went out a little way beyond the mouth of the cañon to see if the way was open to us. Had we been whole, we might have made a dash and fought our way through; but even this poor plan was not possible when our bodies were stiff and sore. Our one comforting thought was that, as we had an abundance of provisions and an ample supply of water, we could hold out for so long a time that the Indians at last would get tired of waiting for us. If they ventured to attack us in the cave, we knew that we could defend ourselves against any number of them successfully. If they simply abandoned the siege, then we would be free without fighting at all. But it was dismal work waiting in that dismal place for one or the other of these two ends to come.

And the fact that the King's symbol had proved a false guide also was a source of deep concern to us. By the full strength of daylight we again examined the graving at the entrance to the cañon, and there was no mistaking the way in which the arrow pointed. And, what was even more perplexing and disheartening, we found the graving repeated at the entrance to the cave, and the arrow pointing directly toward the statue of Chac-Mool. It was impossible that this cave, with mummies only for inhabitants, could be the walled city wherein the reserve force of men and treasure had been hid; and yet here, obviously, was the end of the trail. Of this we convinced ourselves by searching the cave exhaustively for another outlet—even sounding the walls in the hope that we might find a passage that had been artificially concealed. As Rayburn tersely put it, we were no better than so many rats in a trap with terriers waiting for us outside.

X.—THE SWINGING STATUE.

Four more days went by very wearily. Our wounds were healing—for we all were in good condition as the result of our vigorous life in the open air—but they still kept us in constant pain, and so tended to increase our melancholy. Out in the valley, beyond the mouth of the cañon, the Indians maintained their watchful guard. Rayburn tried the experiment of holding a hat and coat out on a pole, standing himself under cover of the rock, and in an instant a pair of arrows went through the dummy; and as one of these came from the right and the other from the left, it was evident that in both directions the valley was picketed.

We were safe enough for the time being, of course. Even should the Indians overcome their superstitious dread and enter the cañon—which was not probable, for they had not even ventured to remove their dead—they could not possibly make a successful attack upon us in the cave. Behind the breastwork that we had built in the narrow entrance, and armed with our repeating rifles and revolvers, we were absolutely secure.

"It's not a bad thing that we're safe," said Young, "and that we've got plenty of grub and water, and even lots of firewood; if we've got to be shut up here we might as well be comfortable. But what I want is a through ticket for home. This treasure business has gone back on us the worst kind. That old Fray Francisco had his eye shut up by the tall talk of the fellow who pretended to be converted; and the Cacique just promiscuously lied. That's about the size of it. And for being fools enough to swallow their stuff, here we are, as Rayburn says, like rats in a cage."

There was so much probability in what Young said that I did not attempt to argue with him; yet was I convinced that in what Fray Francisco had written, and still more in what the dying Cacique had said to me, there was a substantial element of truth.

Finding that nobody replied to him, for all of us were sore at heart and so disposed to silence, Young turned to the statue of Chac-Mool and proceeded to abuse it vigorously—on the ground that it was an idolatrous product of the Aztec race that was at the root of all our troubles. For, as he truly said, had there been no Aztecs to begin with, our departure on a wild-goose chase after an Aztec treasure-house would have been an impossibility. His attention having been thus fixed upon the idol, his habit of investigation got the better of his ill-will toward it, and he mounted the altar to examine it more closely—continuing the while to address it in language that was eminently unparliamentary.

"A pretty-looking sort a specimen *you* are!" he said, in a tone of vast contempt. "But you're about what I'd expect folks like that friend of the Professor's, the Cacique, to worship. It takes a low sort of a heathen, even in his blindness, to bow down to a stone like you—with your twisted head, and your stubby legs, and your little frying-pan over your stomach. Why, where I come from they wouldn't have you even for a stone settee in a park. No, you're not fit even to sit on—unless, maybe, it's on the flat top of your crooked head," and by way of testing this possibility, Young seated himself on the head of Chac-Mool.

And then a very extraordinary thing happened. The idol, and the great slab of stone on which it rested and of which it was a part, slowly moved; the head sinking, and the other end of the slab, on which the legs were carved, rising in the air! Young sprang up with a cry, as he felt the stone sinking beneath him; and the figure, relieved of his weight, settled back into its former position with a slight jar. In the moment that the slab was in the air, there had come from under it a gleam of light.

In the excitement wrought by this strange accident our hurts were forgotten, and we eagerly clambered upon the altar to investigate the matter further—while hope and wonder thrilled our hearts.

"Now then, Young," said Rayburn, "try it again. It looks as though this idol wasn't all the blackguard things you've been calling it, by a long shot."

"No, I'll be hanged if I'll try it again," Young answered. "Try it yourself, if you want to. How do I know what's going to happen with a stone thing that goes tipping around that way? I don't mind saying that I'm a good deal rattled, and don't feel like foolin' with it any more. Try it yourself, if you want to, I say."

"All right," Rayburn answered. "You and the Professor stand here where you can grab me if anything goes wrong. It looks to me as though there was a chance for us of some sort here, and I mean to see what it is."

Young and I stood on each side of Rayburn and held him by the arms as he seated himself on the idol's head. Borne down by his weight, the head slowly sank, the whole fore end of the stone slab falling away into the rock, and the after end correspondingly rising and disclosing a squared opening, through which came a strong burst of light. When the head was down to the level of the rock, and the slab stood up at an angle of nearly fifty degrees, the movement ceased. Looking into the opening, we saw a flight of a dozen stone steps. On the bottom step the sun shone brightly, and in our faces blew a draught of fresh, sweet air. On the rock, beside the stairway, was carved the King's symbol, with the arrow pointing downward.

"Hurrah!" cried Young. "Here's a way out—and it looks as if that old monk and the Cacique weren't such a pair of blasted liars, after all!"

Rayburn jumped up to have a look with the rest of us; but before he could see anything the statue had fallen into place again and the opening was closed. "No matter, we know how to work it, now," he said. "We must prop it up. I want to have a look at this thing. There's some mighty good engineering shown in the way the centre of gravity of that stone has been calculated. And there's good mechanism in the way it's hung. Here she goes again. Just chock it with a bit of rock when I swing it open."

"Well, what I'm interested in," said Young, "is finding out what sort of a place it 'll get us into. It looks to me as if we might strike the treasure right here."

Much the same notion was in all of our heads by this time, and we were full of eagerness—the statue having been swung again, and propped in place with a fragment of rock—as we went down the little stair. But what we found was only a continuation of the cañon—as though, by some curious freak of nature, the thin walls of rock enclosing the cave had been left thus in the very middle of it. Rayburn drew our attention to the fact that we were on the crest of a divide, for a spring that bubbled up here flowed away from us; and this also was a cheering sign that the cañon had an outlet. How far away the outlet might be we could not tell; for the cañon, half a mile or so from where we stood, bent sharply to the right. But being thus assured that a way of some sort out of our prison was open to us, we turned to examine the work of the skilled mechanics who in some far past time had set this swinging statue in its place. From below, the simple apparatus, that yet for its fitting required so high a grade of scientific knowledge, was plainly disclosed to us. Into the great slab of stone, presumably running through it from side to side, was set a round bar of metal—the same bright metal of which the sword was made—more than a foot in diameter; and this worked in two concave metal sockets in much the same manner that the sockets of a gun-carriage hold the trunnions of a gun. What struck Rayburn as especially remarkable was the trueness to a circle of both the sockets and the bar; both showing, as he declared, that they had been worked upon a lathe. And he was puzzled, as in the case of the sword, as to the composition of the metal that thus defied oxidization through long periods of time. "Gold is the only thing that fills the bill," he said; "but a bar of gold, even of that size, would bend double under such a strain. I'd give ten dollars for a chance to analyze it—for there's a bigger fortune in putting a metal like that on the market than there is in finding this treasure that we're hunting for; especially if it turns out that there isn't any treasure to find."

"Now don't you go to running down that treasure," Young struck in. "Just now treasure stock is up. Me and that idol have just boomed the market. I'm sorry I called Jack Mullins, or whatever his name is, such a lot of cuss-word names. I take 'em all back. He isn't just the sort of an idol that I'd pick out to worship myself, at least not as a steady thing; but there are good points about him—especially the way he tips up. I always did like an idol that tipped up. He's done the square thing by us in getting us out all right from the worst sort of a hole; and I guess the best thing we can do is to yank our traps out of that cave and get started again. Why, for all we know, the treasure may be right around that corner."

There was no doubt as to the soundness of Young's suggestion in regard to resuming our march; but the very serious fact confronted us that we now must do our marching on foot. To get the horses and mules down through the narrow opening was simply impossible, and there was nothing for us but to leave them behind. Rayburn looked very grave over this phase of the matter, for leaving the mules meant also that we must leave the greater part of our ammunition and stores. That these things would be abundantly safe in the cave, for any length of time, was not to the purpose; the essential matter was that we would be deprived of them. It was hard, too, to think that our animals would fall into the hands of the Indians—for our only course with them must be to turn them loose in the cañon, whence they certainly would go out in search of pasture into the valley, and so be captured; but it was still harder to think that we must go ourselves on foot and with a scant outfit of supplies.

It was not very cheerfully, therefore, that we went back into the cave and began to sort out from our packs the articles which would be absolutely necessary to our preservation in the rough work among the mountains that probably was before us; and our shoulders already ached a little in anticipation of the heavy loads which they must bear.

It was while we were thus engaged that Pablo begged that I would step aside with him for a moment that he might speak to my ear alone. I saw that there were tears upon his cheeks, and as he spoke he scarcely could restrain his sobs.

"Señor," he said, "you know El Sabio?"

"Surely, Pablo."

"You know, señor, that he is a very small ass."

"It is true."

"And you know—you know, señor, how very tenderly we love each other. Since I came away from my father and my mother, in Guadalajara, and from my little brother and sister there, El Sabio is everything in the world to me, señor. I—I cannot leave him, señor. I should die if we were parted; and El Sabio would die also. And you say that you have perceived that he is a very small ass. Do not ask me to leave him, señor."

"But we cannot take him with us, Pablo. What would you have?"

"That is it, señor; truly, I think that we can take him with us. You see, he is so little; and it is quite wonderful through how small a place El Sabio can crawl. He can creep like a kitten, señor; and he can make himself into a very little bunch. And so I think that he can—if we help him, you know, señor—and speak to him so that he will not be alarmed, and will try to do his very best to make a small bunch of himself—I think that we can get him down through the hole, and so take him with us. But if we cannot, señor, then—you must forgive me, señor—I love him so very dearly, you know—then I will stay with him here. It would be better so than that El Sabio should think I no longer loved him. And he would think that, señor, were I to go with you and leave him here among these dreadful dead gentlemen alone."

It had not occurred to any of us that El Sabio might be condensed sufficiently to go through the narrow way; but if he truly was the collapsable donkey that Pablo declared him to be, we had a good deal to be thankful for. He was a sturdy little creature, and his small back could bear easily twice as much as any two of ours. With his assistance we certainly would be able to carry with us all of our ammunition and arms—of which defensive stuff we could not well afford to spare the smallest part.

And El Sabio, after Pablo had made a long explanation of the case to him, and had told him precisely what we expected him to do—to all of which he listened gravely and with an astonishing air of comprehending what was said to him—seemed to enter into the spirit of the situation, and to try his very best to meet its requirements. It is a puzzle to me to this day how El Sabio managed to shrink himself so that we got him through that narrow hole; but he certainly did manage it—and then went down the stone stairway backward, as though he had been trained to be a trick donkey from his youth up! When the feat was accomplished, and he stood safely out in the cañon, the expressions of love, and of congratulation upon his cleverness, which Pablo lavished upon him were enough to have turned completely a less serious-minded donkey's head.

Such of our stores as we were compelled to leave behind us, including our saddles, and the pack-saddles, and all the heavier portion of our camp equipage, we heaped in one corner of the cave and piled rocks over; and then we turned our poor horses and the mules loose in the cañon, feeling certain that their instinct would lead them out to the valley in search of food. It went to our hearts to know that these good beasts of ours were doomed to hard service under Indian masters to the end of their days.

All being thus in readiness for our advance, we went down the stairway beneath the swinging statue, and from beneath pulled out the piece of rock which propped up the great mass of stone. With a heavy jar it fell and closed the passageway, and we prepared to start. Just then Fray Antonio remembered that he had left on a ledge in the cave—that we had used as a shelf for the storage of various small matters during our sojourn there—a little volume that he dearly loved: the *Meditations of Thomas à Kempis.* He was full of remorse for his forgetfulness and did not ask that we should turn back to get his book for him; yet his distress over the loss of it was so evident that we had not the heart to go on.

"It will only take ten minutes to go back," said Rayburn, and as he spoke he ran up the stairway and set his shoulders to sway up the stone. In a moment he called: "Just come here, Young, and help, will you? It don't work as easily from this side." But even with Young's help the stone did not move. Then the rest of us joined these two, and all five of us together pushed with all our strength—and the stone did not yield by so much as the breadth of a hair! And then rather a queer look came into Rayburn's face, and he said: "I think that I understand what is the matter. The point of leverage falls beyond the edge of the hole. From where we have a chance to push, we are working against the whole weight of the stone. We might as well try to lift the mountain itself!" And then he added: "I guess we'd better give this thing up and start."

Very curious feelings were in our breasts as we picked up our packs and set off along the cañon; for we knew that by that way only could we go, and that, no matter what was ahead of us, our retreat was cut off.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE CONGO BASIN.

(*Continued from page 40, Supplement.*)

fold after the railroad reaches Stanley Pool. No one supposed there would be any trade with the Upper Congo until steam-cars superseded the present expensive system of carriage on the backs of men; but several trading companies have already found it profitable to launch steam-boats at Stanley Pool, and their stations are scattered along a thousand miles of the upper river. Over a half-million dollars' worth of Upper Congo ivory was sold last year at Antwerp. Seven years ago Stanley bought the first tusk of ivory purchased by a white man on the upper river. He paid a few handkerchiefs for it. Tribes have been found who had no notion whatever that ivory had any commercial value. Grenfell says that on the Kassai tusks worth fifty dollars apiece have been bought for two necklaces of black beads, and on the northern tributaries tusks were often offered to Jacques De Brazza for a few cents' worth of gewgaws. It is not its ivory, however, but its capabilities for producing coffee, tobacco, cocoa, and other tropical products that will gradually open a promising future for the Congo Basin.

We know too much about the Congo Valley now to cherish any illusions. It is not an El Dorado. Its climate, save in some of the uplands, is very trying, and its people hate work and have few wants. But the many men who have studied its problems well have not a particle of doubt that the Congo Basin is destined to add largely and permanently to the world's wealth. Strong in this faith, a half-dozen companies have been organized within a year to build the railroad, to erect depots for the sale of merchandise and European food, to breed cattle, to produce palm-oil, to build hotels, and to start plantations. These projects are not merely on paper, but are actually under way. In the philanthropic aspects of the great work we see about two hundred missionaries already toiling in these wilds, seeking to evoke the better nature of these untaught millions. A new world has been discovered, and all Christendom will watch with interest the many phases of its slow but certain progress.

The little volume just published by Harper & Brothers,* giving the story of Emin's rescue as told in Mr. Stanley's letters, is particularly timely, including, as it does, all the explorer has yet written of his great discoveries, his thrilling adventures and perils, the fall of Emin's province, and the complete success of the expedition. Mr. J. Scott Keltie, the well-known geographical writer of London, has written an introduction giving a valuable summary of the facts that led to sending Stanley to Emin's rescue, and the Emin Pasha Relief Committee contributes some interesting matter that has not before been made public. A more brilliant epitome of this remarkable trip across Africa could not be written than that which Stanley's own graphic pen has supplied. The brochure will also be noteworthy as containing, with other portraits and a fine map of the route, the only good likeness of Tippu Tib, the famous trader and the richest man in Central Africa, that has yet been published. It is reproduced from a fine photograph of that powerful chief taken last year at Stanley Falls.

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* *The Story of Emin's Rescue as Told in Stanley's Letters.* Published by Mr. Stanley's permission. Edited by J. Scott Keltie, Librarian to the Royal Geographical Society. With Map of the Route and Three Portraits. 8vo, Cloth, 50 cents.

THE NEW YORK "WORLD."

The success of the *World* newspaper under the management of Mr. Pulitzer is one of the most important business achievements of recent years. It is fitly crowned and attested by the erection of the great building, the picture of which is presented in this issue of Harper's Weekly. The site is the corner of Park Row and Frankfort Street, and the dimensions of the lot are 115 by 136 feet. The architect is Mr. George B. Post, who was also the designer of the *Times* building.

The *World's* new building will tower above the highest of its neighbors. The occupants of the uppermost room in the domed tower will be eighteen stories above the ground-floor. The compositors will be in the thirteenth story, under the flat roof. Eleven stories contain 150 large offices. The tower, which is 50 feet in diameter, is to be devoted to the writing force of the newspaper. On one floor will be the city staff; on another, the editorial writers; and on the others, the special writers, department men, weekly edition staff, file room, library, etc. On the flat roof is to be built the art department of the *World*, including a completely furnished photographic gallery. Here also is to be a restaurant for the employés of the paper.

Under the building are great cavernous spaces for the machinery and for the delivery department. A driveway from Frankfort Street will admit wagons for the reception of the papers, which will come up from the press-room on four fast-running pneumatic elevators. The press-room, in the sub-basement, has a capacity of ten quadruple presses, equivalent to forty Hoe web presses. This machinery will be driven by a 300 horse-power Corliss engine. The storage-room for paper will be in the basement, and will be capable of holding 500 tons of white roll paper. The electric plant, with an energy of 3500 incandescent lamps, will be in the vault under the sidewalk. The boiler-room, with 1000 horse-power capacity, is on the bridge side, but located at the bottom of the light well, and entirely outside of the walls of the building.

Six elevators will carry the occupants to the upper stories. Two will go to the thirteenth story, and will be exclusively for the compositors. One elevator, for the editorial staff, will run to the eighteenth story. The other three elevators will be for the use of the occupants of the offices.

The walls on Park Row and Frankfort Street are of red Corsehill Scotch sandstone, with buff terra-cotta and polished granite ornamentation. The sandstone rests upon a basement of rock-faced Quincy granite. The entrance arch, 78 feet high to the key and with a noble span of 30 feet, is very impressive. The main front will rise nearly two hundred feet from the curb to the parapet on the thirteenth story. The domed tower rises five stories higher.

The *World* is the oldest Democratic newspaper in New York. Its history reaches back of its present name, for it is the outcome of a variety of ventures and experiments, some of which were moderately successful, one or two of which were brilliant, but all of which were absolutely revolutionized when, on May 10, 1883, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer bought the stock of the Press Publishing Company (the title of the corporation which publishes the *World*), and assumed the management of the paper.

The newspaper on whose foundation the *World* rests was established in 1813. It was named the *National Advocate*, and its editor was Mr. Henry Wheaton. It was Democratic at a time when the Democracy were supporting the war with Great Britain against the strenuous opposition of New England. In 1826 Major M. M. Noah bought the *National Advocate*, and changed its name to the *Enquirer*. Then, years afterward, the paper passed under the control of General James Watson Webb, and was consolidated with the *Morning Courier*. For thirty-two years the New York *Courier and Enquirer* was the leading Democratic organ of the city, and then its Associated Press franchise was bought by the company of gentlemen who established the *World*.

It was in 1860, on June 14th, that the *World* first appeared. It was distinctively a religious newspaper. A year afterward, in July, 1861, the *World* bought the Associated Press privileges of the *Courier and Enquirer*, and a year after that, in 1862—it having been discovered that a religious daily newspaper could not be made successful, at least in the stirring times of war—the paper was sold to a company of distinguished Democrats, chief among whom were Mr. August Belmont and Mr. S. L. M. Barlow. Mr. Manton Marble became the editor-in-chief, and under his management the *World* was a brilliant, vigorous, and influential organ of the party. On December 29, 1869, Mr. Marble became its sole proprietor, paying $100,000 for the one-fourth interest which he did not own before. For seven years Mr. Marble continued to publish and edit the newspaper, and then sold it to a syndicate of capitalists, who were represented by Mr. William Henry Hurlbert, who organized the Press Publishing Company; all the stock of which, as has already been stated, was purchased by Mr. Pulitzer, May 10, 1883.

When Mr. Pulitzer came into possession of the property the fortunes of the newspaper were at a very low ebb. Its average circulation was about 15,000, and its advertising business was inconsiderable.

In his announcement of his purchase of the "entire *World* newspaper property," in the issue of May 11, 1883, Mr. Pulitzer stated his absolute antagonism to the policy of his predecessor; he proclaimed that the paper "from this day on" would be "under different management—different in men, measures, and methods; different in purposes, policy, and principle; different in objects and interest; different in sympathies and convictions; different in head and heart." It was announced that thenceforth the *World* would do battle for the people, and against "all fraud and sham," "public evils and abuses."

What kind of a newspaper Mr. Pulitzer has made of the *World* is familiar knowledge to a vast number of people who dwell in the city of New York and elsewhere. No newspaper has had such an extensive circulation on this or the other side of the water as is claimed for the *World*, and there is a standing advertisement at the head of the editorial columns which states that the circulation books are always open for the inspection of the public.

The policy of the *World* under Mr. Pulitzer's management has been to print an enormous quantity of news, especially of the kind in which there is the most popular interest. It has followed with an eager quest all the complaints of hardships made by the people who have fewest friends. It takes the side of the man who is unjustly accused by those in authority; it assists, with an energy and vigor that are strange to the calm philosophy of most of the newspaper offices of the metropolis, the popular outcries against the "outrages of corporations," the "encroachments of plutocrats on the rights of the people," the "idleness of public servants." It is the friend of the immigrant and the enemy of the Castle Garden system. It has penetrated the mining regions of Pennsylvania, and described what are known in that region as "pluck me" stores. It took a leading part in the war on the "boodle" aldermen. Its boast is that it is always engaged in a war upon vice, public and private; that in this warfare it knows neither party nor friends. It storms against the public thief and the private enemy of virtuous society.

It has not been always a partisan newspaper, for it has more than once opposed the election of Democratic candidates. Its latest conspicuous struggle against the nominee of its party was the war that it made in favor of Mr. De Lancey Nicoll and against Colonel Fellows for the District Attorneyship of New York. In its principles it is Democratic; but it is sufficiently independent of its party to fight its candidates if it does not consider them worthy to hold public trust. Its democracy, in the largest sense of the word, is more extreme than has been ever expressed or held by a New York daily newspaper of any prominence. It is against royalty and nobility everywhere, and as soon as the birth of a republic is announced, it insists with all its vigor that the new government shall be recognized by the United States. It accepts the shibboleths of the Democratic party. It is for low tariff taxes, for civil service and ballot reform, for economy and simplicity. It does not advocate its belief in long arguments, but states them in short editorials. From one end of it to the other the *World* is made for the many, and is usually to be found against the few. And this is a virtue or a vice, according as one belongs to the many or the few.

Perhaps the *World's* local enterprise which attracted most attention in New York in its time was its raising the funds for building the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty. It ought to be stated that Mr. Pulitzer justly regards with most pride the public services which he renders with his newspaper; but the collection of the fund, which had languished for a long time, was a most striking achievement. The *World* took up the work, which had been practically dropped by those to whom it had been intrusted, and in five months raised the needed $100,000.

The corner-stone of the new building was laid on the 10th of October, 1889. The prayer was said by Bishop David S. Tuttle, of the Diocese of Missouri, in place of Bishop Potter, whose duties at the National Convention of his Church prevented him from being present. John A. Cockerill, Mr. Pulitzer's representative, introduced the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, who was the orator of the day. A speech was made by Governor Hill, and a cable despatch from Mr. Pulitzer was read. The four-year-old son of Mr. Pulitzer laid the corner-stone, in which were placed, among the copies of the addresses mentioned and other things, two phonographic cylinders and one graphophone cylinder containing sentiments of the *World* staff. There were letters and telegrams of regret from ex-President Cleveland and other distinguished persons.

The *Evening World* was established in October, 1887, and its success has been more rapid even than that of the morning edition.

MADAME LILLI LEHMANN-KALISCH.

Imprimis: if the feeling of disappointment with the present and extravagant estimate of the past were not a note that has always been heard in criticism, the people of to-day might find it difficult to persuade themselves, in the face of much writing, that they have ever been privileged to hear a really great singer. Talk with the memory-mongers of the palmy days of Castle Garden and the Astor Place Opera-house, and you will learn that the art of singing died with the sweet-throated persons who burdened the air of those places with melody. But you will not learn that the older people of that halcyon day thought these stars pale and lifeless orbs compared with the luminaries of their youth. Yet this is the way of the world, and has been ever since humanity began to dream of the golden age that is past. In the nature of things personal equation must enter into judgment on the merits of singers. Memory alone perpetuates their achievements, and there is an age in every memory which is gilded by a thousand lovely associations that mock the exercise of simple æsthetic judgment. Analysis can determine and the record preserve the range of a singer's voice, and give a hint of its flexibility and other artificial attributes, but the vital charm of the singer's art eludes analysis and defies recording. A critic in the performance of his duties is compelled to meet with much bad art; but when a respectable entertainment offers nothing to delight him, he would better look to his stomach or his liver. By the same token, when our venerable friends of to-day bewail the fact that song fled this earth when Jenny Lind retired or Sontag died, it is not wholly out of place for one of this generation to inquire, "How old were you when you heard your charmer, and who was

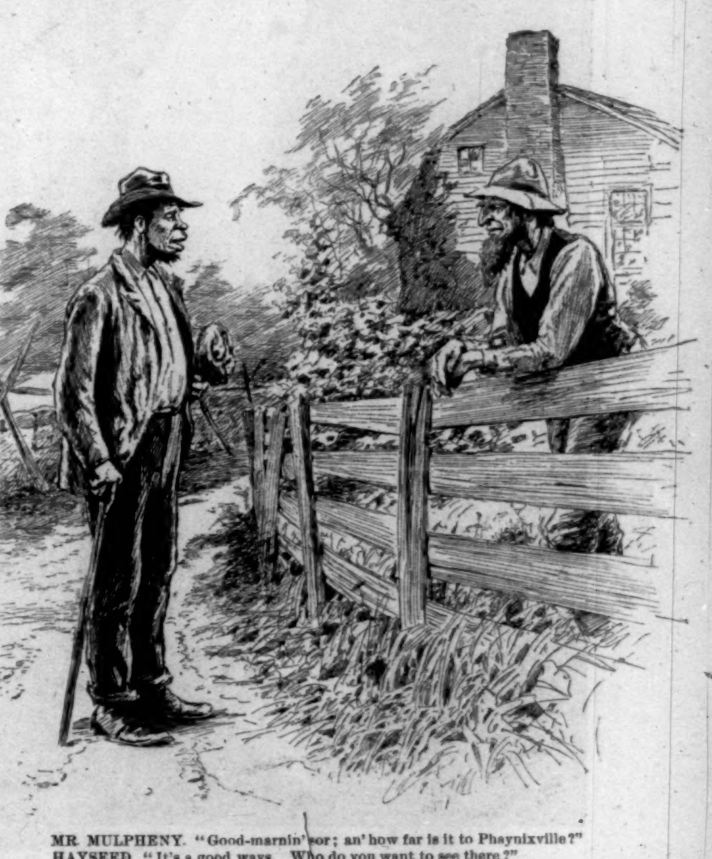
> 'The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she'

who occupied the adjoining stall?"

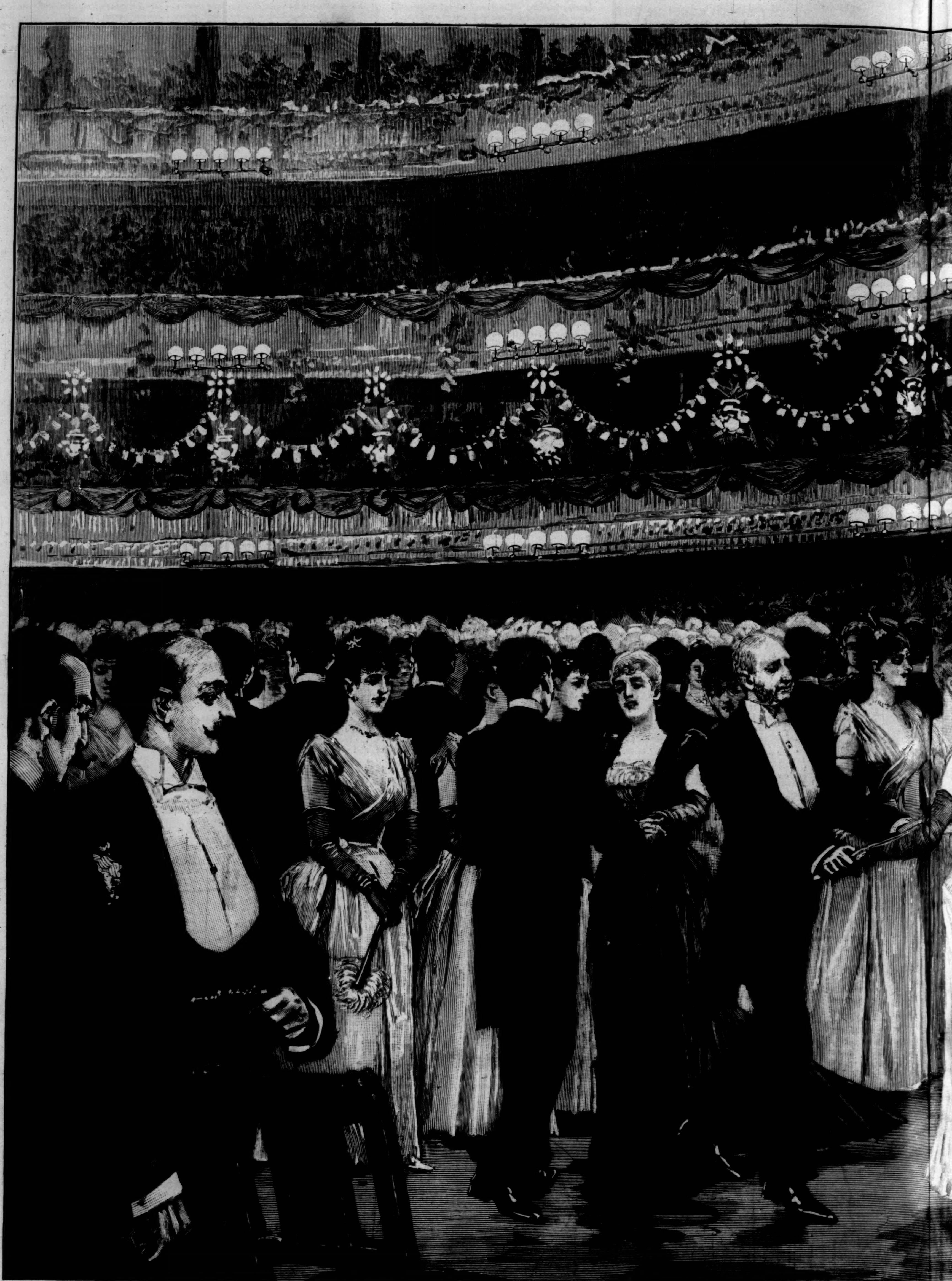
There are a good many persons who think that the Metropolitan Opera-house is now giving artistic domicile not only to the finest dramatic singer alive, but to one who is in very truth a great singer. Of course they mean Madame Lilli Lehmann-Kalisch. Interpreting the adjective in their definition in harmony with the spirit of the tenth decade of the nineteenth century, they might easily establish their contention. Madame Lehmann-Kalisch is not the greatest vocalist or the most sympathetic singer on the stage to-day, but if she has a superior as an acting singer or a singing actor, the fact is not known to the people of New York at least. She is wellnigh matchless in voice and training, quite unique in earnestness and devotion, but her chief significance grows out of the union in her art of the old conceptions of vocalization and the newer conceptions of the province of singing on the operatic stage. She exemplifies the true purpose of music in the lyric drama, which is to intensify the expressive capacity of the text, to supply the emotional element which the spoken word lacks. But while, in harmony with this purpose, she yields to the text all its privileges, she preserves to the music all its rights. Her art, subject as it must be to natural limitations, is a little lacking in notes of womanly tenderness. Sentimentality is utterly foreign to her nature; in place of it she has large sentiment and grandiose passion. For such a character as Elsa she could have no sympathy; but she would delight in publishing the demoniac power of Ortrud. As the wronged Brünnhilde in *Die Götterdämmerung* she is a consuming fire; from the moment she discovers Siegfried's treachery she pervades the tragedy as that devouring element does the final scene of *Die Walküre*; as the loving Isolde and the Valkyria, transformed into loving woman and brought face to face with the object of her love, she is unreasoning, self-forgetful passion incarnate.

It is a proud reflection that Madame Lehmann-Kalisch developed her full artistic stature in New York. In Germany she was only known as a singer of the florid type, and she had violently to wrench herself away from the Court Theatre in Berlin, in order to emancipate herself from its conventions, and enter into the estate for which nature designed her, and toward which her own lofty conception of the dignity of art directed her. "After one has sung princesses for twenty years, one gets weary," said she, when justifying her secession from the Berlin Court Theatre. She had sung there fifteen years, and had held the appointment of court singer for ten years. Before then she had been employed in Dantsic and Leipsic, and had participated in the first representations of Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen* at the Bayreuth Festival of 1876. She was born in Würzburg, and is a child of the theatre, her father being a tenor, her mother the dramatic soprano, Marie Löwe, in early life prima donna at Cassel, and afterward harpist at the opera in Prague. With her sister Marie, now at the Vienna opera, she was educated by her mother, of whose abilities she justly speaks with great admiration. She has been the principal soprano at the Metropolitan Opera-house since the fall of 1885, and is now at the zenith of her powers.

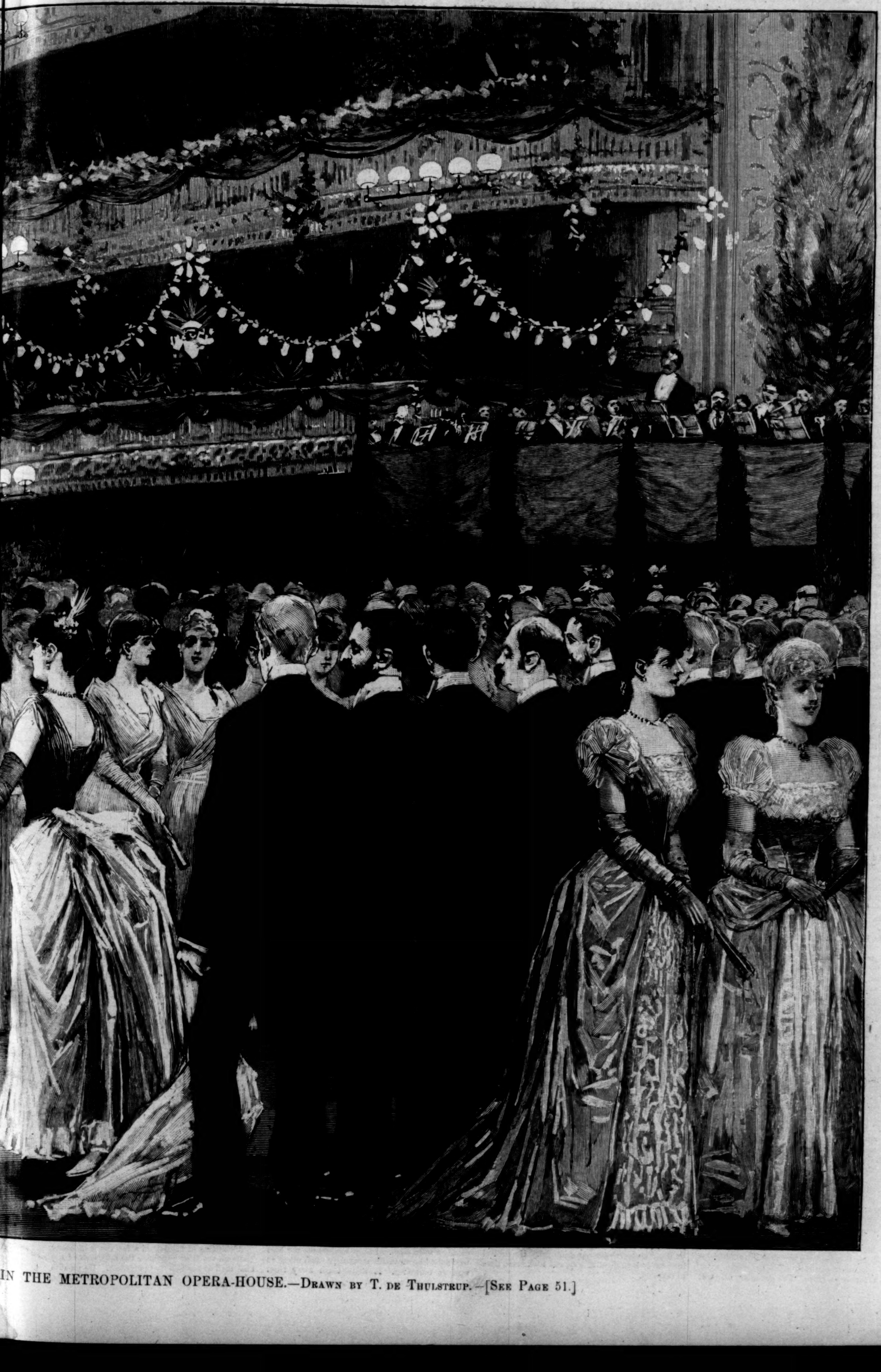
H. E. Krehbiel.



MR. MULPHENY. "Good-marnin' sor; an' how far is it to Phaynixville?"
HAYSEED. "It's a good ways. Who do you want to see there?"
MR. MULPHENY. "Sure it's mysilf I want to see there."



THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY (*QUADRILLE D'HONNEUR*) AT THE NEW-YEAR'S BALL IN



IN THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 51.]

THE NOMINATION.

BY LYNN R. MEEKINS

ABNER GREEN and his good wife Jane were sitting in the easy-chairs, resting after the day's work. He had closed his store at nine o'clock. It was a little cool for September, and the windows were down. The light was turned low, because Abner and Jane were economical, even in the matter of coal-oil. They seemed satisfied with life. They had the contentment that waits on good appetites and well-employed energy. Indeed, they had gotten along unexpectedly well since the quiet marriage ceremony of eight years before. Both being practical souls, no such useless expense of time and money as a wedding tour had entered their thoughts. After the parson said his prayer, they marched out of the church and went direct to the small store that Abner had started two years before. They gradually extended that store, saving the pennies and investing the dollars, and putting over their heads a large financial umbrella for rainy days.

Abner was a born success. People always said he would get along. On days when other boys were off gunning and playing, he was contriving and working and saving. His Saturday holidays were turned to strict account. By the time he was seventeen he had the business weight of a man in the neighborhood. His wisdom ran ahead of his years.

When he was eighteen he determined to inaugurate an enterprise. Sussex District (or rather the Second District of Choptauk County) was probably the only territory of its size that did not have a good country store. The people did their dealing in the town, eight miles away. At the point near the saw-mill where three roads met, an old residence stood. It was vacant. Abner rented it, and surprised the neighbors by turning it into a store. He got a stock of goods and began business. At first the returns were slow, but Abner was content with small profits, and the customers gradually saw that it was fully as cheap to patronize him as it was to drive to town over indifferent roads, and a great deal more convenient. Moreover, Abner quickly gained a good reputation. He was looked upon as shrewd but just—the strongest kind of fame in a rural community. So he went along, saying little, offending no one, and attending strictly to trade. Two years showed him what he could do, and told him that he needed a wife. Like a good business man, he did not postpone a necessity. He looked around, and found a girl of strong practical sense and fine physical health, not much for beauty or brilliancy, but a great hand in the house and a general favorite with the people. Inside of a month they were married, and everybody said it was a good match. Eight years had endorsed that verdict. They had worked and prospered.

Abner, as he sat in the big rocker, was a man with a good quiet face and a rugged frame. He had quick eyes, which looked at things cautiously but shrewdly, a somewhat didactic tongue that was used for business and operated by discretion. His best confidences seemed to be his second thoughts.

"Abner," said Jane, "what is this talk about you and the sheriff's office?"

He looked up quickly and shifted his position before replying. "Where did you hear that nonsense?" he asked.

"All the folks are talking about it. I heard some men discussing it while you were out of the store to-day, and saying that Colonel Short had been to see you about it. The people seem to think you'll make a mighty good man for the place."

Abner smiled in a sober kind of way, and nursed his knees with his two hands. Presently he looked up, and said: "Jane, a man of convictions should take an interest in politics for the good of the party which represents his principles, and not for any ambition which merely represents his own pride. I have voted the ticket and done some work for it, not with the hope of any office, but because my conscience and my judgment dictated that course. If people misconstrue my motives, it is very wrong."

"But, Abner, if they should give you the office—"

"Yes, if they should give me an office, what then? Four years of laziness, and afterward a return home to find our business all gone, or taken up by some one else. No, Jane; you and I have had too hard a time building up this trade to have it ruined by politics. Let us keep on in our course, for we know not what a change might bring forth."

Jane was silent for a while. The mention of the possible honor had aroused a quiet but unexpressed ambition for town life, had suggested the possibility of some of that change which every woman from Eve down has always secretly longed for. But Abner's practical words had brought out her common-sense, and shoved the ambition back into the closet of her heart. She closed the door upon it and sighed.

"I guess you're right. You 'most always are. But who do you think they'll take in your place?"

"I am for Major Powderdry," said Abner, with considerable emphasis.

Mrs. Green was greatly astonished. "Major Powderdry!" she exclaimed. "Why, goodness gracious, Abner! he hasn't done a thing in his life except to run for office and run into debt."

"That's just it, Jane. The good Lord has laid out for us certain duties in this world. A man may sometimes get away from his path, and wander over the field; but he always has a kind of an idea of what he is living for, and he is pretty apt to hit the road while he is tramping around. Now Major Powderdry's business is running for office. It don't pay much, but he sticks to it. Mine is running a store. I've got along all right in the store, because the people have encouraged me. Now what the major wants is more encouragement. So let him have it, I say, and let us all elect him. Then, too—but of course you needn't mention it—if he gets through, he may pay us that little bill he owes us."

"Well, Abner, you certainly look at things with both eyes," said Jane, with a decision that had in it a small undertone of admiration.

"Of course I do, Jane; and when they fail to see what's what, I know two other eyes that are mighty pert about finding the right side."

Jane smiled, and felt quite happy. It wasn't often that they paid each other such compliments.

"Jane," said Abner, after a pause, "if the folks talk any more to you about me, just say that Abner is too busy attending to the store to go running across the whole county for an office, and that he votes the ticket for his convictions and not for rewards, and that he has said that Major Powderdry would make a good man for the place. Don't go out of your way to say this, but if anybody makes you talk, why, just put it to 'em straight and earnest like; and if you want to, you might add something about your not caring for me to give up a good business for any such foolishness, and so forth and so forth."

Jane said she would, and as ten o'clock had arrived, they took up the lamp, locked up the house, and went to bed. But before going to sleep Abner added, "And, Jane, you might say that the talk me and Colonel Short had was on private business."

It did not require an age for anything to get over the district. News was so scarce in Sussex that it had the volatility of hydrogen with the combined expanding qualities of all the known gases. Somebody had mentioned Abner Green's name for the shrievalty. It met with favor. It was time the district was getting the office. Abner was a good party man, a reliable conservative citizen, and a neighbor who was popular. The people talked quietly at first, but after it was known that Abner and Colonel Short had had a long talk, the discussion took a wider range. As it became more public it aroused a factional opposition, led by the voluble and oratorical Major Powderdry, a talkative upholder of party principles and an inveterate seeker for a place on the ticket. Abner Green said nothing, and attended to business.

The next day after their little talk Jane left Abner at the store, and made a few visits. The matter of the office came up for discussion everywhere she went. She was not slow in making prompt and decidedly emphatic comments.

"Yes," said she, "I have heard that they are talking about Abner; but I reckon it's a lot of breath wasted. He's been a-working going on ten years building up his store, and he ain't such a goose as to throw away his business for an office. That talk he had with Colonel Short was about a private matter. There ain't much money in politics; and as for our part, we'd rather have what we got than go to trying a change. Abner don't vote the ticket expecting to be paid for it; he's not that kind. As far as I'm concerned, I'm glad of it, for it's not everywhere that you can get good neighbors. What's more, Abner's looked upon as a good man now, while if he was to go into politics, goodness only knows what they'd say against him. And Abner ain't one that takes such things easy. He told me no later than last night that he was in favor of Major Powderdry. 'If our district is to have it,' said he, 'why give it to Major Powderdry.'"

The good wives that good wife Jane talked to in the afternoon told it to their good husbands at supper, and before bedtime it was generally known that Abner Green was for Major Powderdry.

The major heard it with incredulity at first, and then with joy. He knew that Abner Green's endorsement would have great weight with the people. "I have always liked Abner," he said. "He is a man of business, a man of honor, and a great credit to this neighborhood. I have watched him since he was a boy, and each year has increased my good opinion of him. When the people talked about his name I opposed it, because I knew that it would only bother him."

The major talked in this strain so as to ease his conscience and convince himself of what he never believed. That was a peculiarity of his oratory as well as of his conversation. He could talk himself into any belief, while the cold and listless crowd stood by and doubted.

The next day, arrayed in dignity, he dropped in at the cross-roads store. He found Mr. Green in an unemployed interval, and took possession of the opportunity with voluble but diplomatic promptness. He complimented the weather, the store, and Abner, and asked, with solicitous earnestness, for the health of Mrs. Green, and then he plunged boldly into the purpose of his call.

"I hear," said he, lowering his voice, "that you have stated that you will endorse me for sheriff."

Abner took it in a matter-of-fact way, although he secretly enjoyed the major's polite circumlocution.

"Yes, major," he said, with business bluntness; "I'm for you. You ought to have it. This district ought to have it. And the way for us to get it is to get it."

This aroused the major's oratory. "Well said, Mr. Green—nobly said. In the distribution of the legitimate rewards of the party, the just and equitable deserts of noble old Sussex have not been recognized. It will be a proud privilege for me to lead in the demand for this recognition, and I ask you, sir, that you will allow your name to be used on the delegation to the convention—as the head of that delegation, sir?"

The major said this with great personal applause, and Abner seemed very much impressed by it. The merchant was doubtful. He rubbed his chin in a meditative way, and took some time to respond.

"Now, major, I want to keep out of politics."

"Do not say that, Mr. Green. Retract it in thought and purpose. It is upon such men as you—upon the yeomanry of the party, if I may say so—that the selection of good standard-bearers and the perpetuity of free institutions must depend. You owe it to your district, sir, to be a member of that convention."

Abner paused again; he paused so long that the major walked back and forth in great uneasiness.

"Well, since you put it in that way, of course I guess I'll have to think about it," said the dry-goods Sphynx at last. "But arrange it as quietly as you can."

A light of joy burst upon the soul and illuminated the face of Major Powderdry. He grasped Mr. Green's hand and thanked him, not once, but countless times. Presently the emotional equilibrium was restored, and Abner told the major that the next day he was going to start through the county on a business trip. He had the agency for a new machine, and he had been directed to place its sale in different stores of that territory. "I'll see how things look in politics," he said, "and put in as many good words for you as I can."

The major's generosity sprinkled itself out again, but the interview was brought to an end by the entrance of a family party in search of shoes and molasses. Major Powderdry went home with a happy heart. He was already beginning to enjoy the office and its perquisites—the perquisites mainly.

Mr. Green's business trip occupied three days. He enjoyed it. Being well known and well esteemed, it was agreeable to meet people and talk with them. Moreover, he sold more machines than he expected. By the time he arrived home the delegation had been agreed upon, and he had been placed at the head of it by the unanimous desire of his colleagues.

He reached the store just before twilight, and he had scarcely finished his supper before Major Hamilton Powderdry called. The major was more than anxious to hear the results of the journey.

"I am glad to see you back, Mr. Green—very glad; and I hope you are the messenger of good news."

"Well, yes, major; I did remarkably well with the machines; a great deal better than I expected."

"I congratulate you, sir—I congratulate you most sincerely. How did you find the political complexion? Was it favorable?"

"Oh, politics? Oh yes! So I remember. Of course, major, I was mainly on business, but in the demands of that business I did not forget you. I did not forget our district."

The major rubbed his hands and smiled, in anticipation of glad tidings. "Thank you, Mr. Green—thank you. What—what did you hear?"

"Well, I guess I better give you an itemized account—a bill of particulars, so to speak."

The major was greatly pleased.

"First, I went to Forktown. I found that they are going to send a solid delegation down for Boggs. They were quite earnest about it; said that their district ought to have the nomination, and that Colonel Short had half promised it to them, and that they were going in to win. Of course it wasn't much use to talk against such feeling as that, although I did tell them that in Major Powderdry, Sussex had a candidate that she was proud of."

"Thank you, Mr. Green—thank you. We'll soon down Boggs. Their talk about Short's support is nothing but a bluff. How about Bethel?"

"Well, Bethel's got the fever too. They say they hain't had the sheriff for twenty years, and that they are going to pull for it this time, or break the traces. They're putting up young Jones, and he's working like a beaver. I slipped in a few words for you, major, but they brought up the argument that Sussex had it sixteen years ago, while it's been twenty years since it went to Bethel."

The major uncrossed his legs and nodded his head. "That's all right," said he. "I know Jones. He's active, but that's all. We'll circumvent him."

"From Bethel I went on down to Drawbridge and Forks. They are not far apart, you know. I found out that they had nobody in particular that they wanted, but Jones had sent down some missionaries and captured Drawbridge, and Boggs men were at work at Forks. There is where I did some talking. I told them of our demands, of our candidate, of you, major, and your long service to the party. I said: 'Gentlemen, here is a fine man and an esteemed citizen, who has sacrificed time and effort in campaign work, who has fought in the front ranks, who has never flagged or proven recreant to his duty. He is the man we offer you, and we ask that you help us to nominate him.'"

"Thank you—thank you! Did you convince them of the wisdom of that course?"

"Not quite. They wouldn't commit themselves. So, to keep them from going to Boggs or Jones, I persuaded them to put up their own candidate. 'If it's to be a grab game,' I said, 'why don't you take a hand?' Then I left, and went on down to the lower districts, where they don't care who gets the nomination, for the good and sufficient reason that they have had it for the last three times. However, I came back by Drawbridge and Forks to-day, and I found that they had put up their men—Hanson for Drawbridge and Withers for Forks."

The major's bright face seemed clouded. "Do you think," he asked, "that it was wise to bring two more men into the field? Won't it complicate matters?"

"Well, major, I'm a business man, and I look at it in a business way. I argued that if those two districts were disposed to go against us, the best way would be to make them fight each other as well as ourselves. It takes them away from Boggs and Jones. Now we have eight districts, and no nomination can be made until one of the five breaks to some other candidate. You stand well, major, and your genius must make a successful combination and win. You can do it, can't you?"

When the major saw it in that light he was radiant. "Why, Abner," he exclaimed, growing more familiar, "you are a Napoleon of politics. It's a great arrangement. I know Hanson and I know Withers. I'll see them; I'll deal with them; and when the convention opens, we'll give Boggs and Jones the biggest surprise party they ever saw."

This was Saturday. The convention met on the following Tuesday. The interval was fully employed. Everybody talked politics. The major led. He was exhaustless. Hope beamed on his smiling countenance like sunshine on a morning-glory.

"Well, I never saw such a sight in all my born days," said Mrs. Green. "The major acts as if he'd been elected and got all the offices in the State."

"Yes," said Abner, "the major is enthusiastic. He has a sanguine temperament."

"He used to talk against you so. Now he's praising you to the skies. There ain't any word too high or too big for you. It's a strange thing, this politics."

"Very strange—very strange," replied Abner, nodding his head. "It shows the changeableness of human nature, Jane; the instability of character. If I had run for this office in an open way, as the folks wanted me to, the major would have been going around abusing me and getting up his movements against me, and I guess he'd come near downing me. But now I am one of his delegates, and he is as sweet as a hogshead of molasses. How much better it is, Jane, to have the friendship of everybody, even though we have to put ambition aside!"

The delegates from Sussex met at the cross-roads and started to town bright and early. Abner accepted his importance as the head member of the delegation modestly. Major Powderdry was gorgeous in a new high hat and an enlarged vocabulary.

"Now, Abner," he said, with confidential earnestness, "you hold the delegates solid. I'm an old hand at this business, you know, and if you stick together while I do the work and pull the wires, we'll win as sure as the sun will shine."

"That's it, major," he answered. "We'll depend on you. I was never in a convention but twice before, you know, and both times they had the ticket made out, and all we had to do was to vote it through. This business is a little new to us, and I guess it'll be a heap more exciting. Just let me say one word: don't let 'em bully you. Stick right up to it, and stay in the field as long as you can."

This warning aroused the major's latent pugnacity. "Abner," he said, "I'm in this fight to win, and I'll stay at the front till the battle is over and the cows come home."

So, with discussion and warning and advice and suggestion, the delegates proceeded. The temperature of their determination rose steadily, and by the time they reached town they were ready to march into the convention and demand the nomination for sheriff as the right of Sussex District.

But they ran into other determined bands. With the other four candidates in the field the situation was lively. The advocates of each man were importunate and vociferous. Into the arena the statesmen from Sussex, led by the intrepid Powderdry, advanced with argument and inquiry.

The Choptauk County court-house, where the convention met, was a sombre building of brick, fronted by a large square. Out-doors and in-doors the groups were discussing and canvassing. Opposite the square was the law office of Colonel Short. To and from that place flowed a steady stream of delegates. Colonel Short was the county leader—the "boss." Some came from that office in smiles, some in frowns, and some so much in doubt that their expressions were untranslatable.

Abner was button-holing a man from a lower district, and was putting in a word for Powderdry and a word for his machines, when some one touched him on the shoulder. It was the major.

"I've been to see Short," whispered he. "I talked plainly to him, as a man with my strength should. I told him I had the united support of Sussex District, and that our district was entitled to the nomination. 'You're probably right, major,' said he; 'but there are four other gentlemen from four other districts who say the same thing, and I don't see how we're going to settle it except by fighting it out. Whoever wins, we'll get a good sheriff, and I wish you luck!' Now, Abner, what is there in that? It looks stormy. Do you think we'll get through?"

"Well, major, we're doing all we can, and trusting to you to uphold the rights of our district."

The major's backbone stiffened, and he proceeded a second time to work. He saw everybody, made a hundred indefinite promises, and attempted every coalition that a man of twenty-five years of political failure could invent.

He was still at it when the hour for the assembling of the convention arrived. The delegates were in their seats, too much impressed by their importance to say much. The crowds struggled in and filled the benches of the court-room. A buzz of speculation and expectation arose to the ceiling and resounded between the walls. Occasionally a laugh interrupted the monotonous hum, or a pompous citizen came in, and talked loud enough to make himself heard above the noise.

A clapping of hands and a few thuds of heavy boots on the floor announce the approach of the chairman of the County Committee. He mounts the rostrum, bows, calls the body to order, and says a few words which result in more clapping of hands and more boot thuds. With one or two soaring exploits in oratory, the election of the officers of the convention, the appointment of the committees, and the necessary preliminaries are arranged.

There is a recess for dinner. The interval is a time of heroic effort on the part of Major Powderdry and his competitors; but the more they have worked the greater has their doubt grown.

"Abner," whispers the major again, rather more agitated than before, "I'm afraid it's a case of every man standing pat, and staying in till the light goes out."

Abner does not exactly grasp the simile, but he tells the major to remain firm.

The session opens. There are more speeches and more enthusiasm, and then the real work begins. There is not much hitch over the first nominations, but when the sheriff is reached a general movement seizes the delegates and the on-lookers. They expect something worth seeing. But just as they get fixed for the excitement, a delegate arises and moves that the nomination for sheriff be postponed until the rest of the ticket is agreed upon. This causes a little fight, but it ends in the desired postponement.

In an hour's time the ticket is complete with the exception of the sheriff. That contest opens with great earnestness. For the purpose of saving time the nomination speeches are brief and formal.

The voting begins. Five districts have their candidates. The three other districts distribute their votes with impartial favor. Ballot after ballot is cast without an approach to a result. The feeling becomes intensified. Two hours go by, and still there is no nomination. The districts are sticking to their men, and a nomination is impossible unless one of them breaks. Supper-time draws near. Some delegates begin to get hungry. All want to go home. But their earnestness triumphs over appetite. A new ballot discloses no change. Major Powderdry's hopefulness is oozing out, but he sticks like grim death. Suddenly some one whispers in his ear, "Major, Colonel Short wants to see you in the jury-room."

A great hope surges through the major's soul, and he tiptoes to the door, and in a minute he is in the presence of the party dictator.

"Major," says the colonel, "what are you going to do?"

"Stick!" he answers.

"Listen to me a minute. We've got a good ticket, and we've got a tough fight ahead. You five men in there are getting so hot against one another that not one of you can possibly win. You can't. They can't. Now why not name the man."

"Who?"

"Who is your choice?"

"Abner Green would be a good man, but—"

"Well?"

"He won't take it."

"Get him out of the room, and give us time to nominate him, and he'll have to take it."

The major sees the situation. He pauses. He considers. He could not be nominated; why not nominate? He could not be Edmond, why not Warwick? Colonel Short argues. The major decides. He will do it. Rushing to the court-room, he gets Abner Green, and brings him to Short. Then telling him to stay there till called, he rushes back. Everybody leaves the jury-room to watch the convention, except Short and Green. At the furthest window they whisper earnestly.

A new ballot is about to begin, when, at the request of Major Powderdry, one of Colonel Short's smartest lieutenants—young Carr, from a lower district—arises and asks permission to say a word. There is some grumbling, but a vociferous aye yields him the privilege. He mounts the platform:

"*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,*—We are going to win. [Applause.] We have got a good ticket. [Applause.] Harmony is thick and beautiful around here. [Smiles.] The only discordant note is a little difference of opinion about the sheriff. [Laughter.] We are burdened with five good men, embarrassed with riches. My fellow delegates from this district and myself have voted for every one of them on the various ballots, and to save our lives we can't say which is the best man. [Applause and laughter.] We'd like to nominate you all. [More laughter.] But it would be like putting too much sauce on the apple-dumpling; it would make the ticket too rich. [More laughter and applause.] Now I want to get home some time to-night; so do you. We want to leave with the knowledge that we have done our work. We don't want to carry away any hard feelings. It is for that purpose that I arise here on behalf of several districts, including our own, to suggest a name that will be endorsed by every man in this convention, by the whole county, that will add strength to the ticket and give enthusiasm to the party. I can pay this name no higher tribute than to say that it is the peer of the gentlemen who are now before this convention. [Applause.] In the interest of harmony, in the assurance of victory, and in the hope of getting my supper before breakfast, I nominate Abner Green, of Sussex District."

The surprise is complete. The applause begins slowly; then it takes a jump; and finally it sweeps through the room, and carries everything before it. It gains momentum when it is whispered around that Abner has been purposely gotten out of the room. Major Powderdry leads in the enthusiasm. The nomination is quickly seconded. A ballot begins. Before it is half taken, the nomination is made. A great howl goes up.

In the jury-room Colonel Short looks at Abner, and remarks, "It seems to be all right."

As Abner smiles in reply, the door is burst open, and in rushes Major Powderdry, his face beatified with unanimous joy, his arms pointed in ecstatic gesture, his coat tails flying with nervous enthusiasm, and his whole being full of the bliss of victory—for his district.

He takes Abner, drags him before the convention, and shouts, "Hurrah for Sussex and our next sheriff!"

As the cheers go up, Abner asks what it all means. He is the idealization of innocent astonishment. The delegates seem to enjoy it.

And so does Colonel Short, who is standing in the jury-room door and looking smilingly on. He is thinking of the possible future in politics for a man of Abner Green's tact and scheming.

It was late when Mr. Green reached home, but Jane was patiently waiting for him. The news dazed her, and he did the talking.

"Now don't say a word about it, my dear. It's the best-paying office in the county. The people think it's been shoved on me. Let them think so. Colonel Short and me won't deny it. Oh yes; you are asking why I didn't tell you all about it. Well, my dear, running a store and running politics are two different things. If you want anything in the store, the best way to get it is to ask for it. If you want anything in politics, the best way to get it is to get it without asking for it. And, moreover, my dear, a truthful woman like you is never safe in politics, unless she don't know what she is talking about."

THE NEW-YEAR'S BALL AND MR. McALLISTER.

THE New-Year's Ball held at the Metropolitan Opera-house on the night of January 2d was described the next morning in the newspapers with notable unanimity as the most brilliant and successful social event in the history of New York city. Though the reportorial mind is often affected by the glamour of a present splendor, and unable to make due allowance for perspective, in this case it seems to have stated no more than the fact.

The inspirer and manager of the great occasion, Mr. Ward McAllister, as he contemplated the fruit of his genius and labors, could not but regard it as the proudest achievement of his life. There is an inscription to Sir Christopher Wren, carved on the stone in the interior of St. Paul's, containing the words, "*Si monumentum quæris circumspice*" (if you seek his monument, look around). If any one at the ball were disposed to dispute Mr. McAllister's claim to greatness, a similar suggestion would have silenced him. The foundations for such a success as this New-Year's Ball must be laid broad and deep, and the superstructure reared with constant watchfulness and care. Hundreds of matters which would escape the attention of an ordinary understanding must be considered and provided for. It requires a master-mind to grasp the scheme in all its extent and complexity, and carry it forward unfailingly to the end.

But this ball had a deeper significance than appeared upon the surface. Several things were to be set right by it. One of these was the erroneous impression that lingered in some minds to the effect that New York "society" comprised only about four hundred people. Mr. McAllister suffered under the imputation of having established this narrow limit, and the best way in which he could free himself from the responsibility therefore was to practically demonstrate the real truth of the situation.

Another thing to be established by the event was the pre-eminent capacity of Mr. McAllister as a ball manager. When the Centennial festivities were being conducted in this city last spring, it will be remembered he was relieved of the important duties he had been charged with, and their performance assigned to others. He smarted under the sense of injustice done, but nobly bided his time, and now his reputation is vindicated in a thorough and gratifying manner. Nearly twelve hundred individuals, truly representative of the wealth and fashion of the metropolis, were gathered together on the recent occasion. The stage and auditorium of the opera-house were decorated with evergreens, wreaths, and flowers, with a fairly enchanting effect. The boxes were ornamentally closed, and nearly every one was ke[illegible] the floor. A double-page representatio[illegible] scene when the Sir Roger de Coverley [illegible] *d'honneur* was in progress is published [illegible] present issue of the WEEKLY. The supper and every detail were carefully attended to.

The presumption now is that the New-Year's Ball will become a regular institution, and annually place New York "society" symmetrically and satisfactorily before the world, which, it appears, no other social event adequately does. The tact and judgment exercised in the present instance in placing the tickets in the manner desired caused no heart-burnings or complaints. Mr. McAllister selected one hundred and forty-four gentlemen of unquestionable standing as subscribers, and each of these selected, in turn, his own quota of guests. The result, with respect to the company assembled, was entirely fortunate. Those interested placed themselves cordially and unreservedly under the control of their able director, and none questioned his supremacy. Have we here a foreshadowing of what is to become an established order of things, and that some shape and definiteness are to be given to that elastic and unorganized thing known as New York "society"?

There is no question that a properly managed ball is the most highly evolved form of human festivity. There, if anywhere, beauty, adornment, and pleasure-giving agencies are made to count for all that there is in them. Fame, as well as gratitude, is due to the man who can marshal and control all the forces involved, and whose rare abilities enable him to add in this way to the sum of earthly delights. If Mr. McAllister should die in the midst of the career he evidently has marked out for himself, it might be said of him, as Johnson said of Garrick, "his death eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the stock of harmless pleasures." The individuals who have gained historic renown in the particular path of glory trod by Mr. McAllister are few. Richard Nash, of Bath, who flourished some two hundred years ago, is his most illustrious predecessor. This celebrity had a no less distinguished biographer than Oliver Goldsmith. He managed with such effectiveness a ball given to William III. that the monarch thought him worthy of a knighthood, and offered him one. "Beau" Nash is credited with doing much to add refinement to the social manners of the British aristocracy, in the way of removing, according to Goldsmith, the "awkward timidity" and "censurable reservedness of behavior" which then characterized it. He brought the full influence of all the available civilization that existed to bear on balls and matters of etiquette, and issued a schedule of rules and regulations whereby fashionable society should deport itself.

"The pains he took in pursuing pleasure and the solemnity he assumed in adjusting trifles" testified that he made a serious business of his calling. His authority was supreme, and when the Princess Amelia once asked him for an extra dance at an entertainment, he gave her to understand that the prescribed order of things was not to be trifled with, and she accepted the situation submissively.

Such a man, his biographer insisted, "deserves the attention of the present age." The social status acquired by Nash shows what the kind of fame achieved by him will do for a man in that respect. He was hand in glove with the nobility. The Duchess of Marlborough was one of his particular friends. Goldsmith says of him: "It is a matter of very little importance who were the parents or what was the education of a man who owed so little to either." Possibly it is on this general ground that Mr. McAllister declines to write his autobiography, which, it is stated, he has been asked to undertake. It is not necessary for him to show that he is entitled to social elevation by the successful manipulation, on the part of himself or his parents, of either railroads, or corner lots, or skins, or oil, or soap, or patent medicines, or any other of our customary means of securing entrance to "the first circles."

He is a social director by profession, and steps right into his sphere at once. Thus it was that he opened the New-Year's Ball with the wife of the head of the house of Vanderbilt on his arm, led the *quadrille d'honneur* with a Goelet, and took an Astor in to supper.

This New-Year's Ball has raised the standard of such entertainments, and, by supplying a new and higher point of comparison, will exert a beneficial influence on future occasions of the kind.

DUTCHMEN AT DINNER.

THE great hall of the famous Equitable Building on Broadway is the noblest, architecturally speaking, in New York. Its perfect proportions deceive the eye as to its real size, and its rich decoration is scarcely to be appreciated by daylight, for it opens to the outside air only at the two ends, and artificial lights are always necessary, even to its ordinary use as the entrance hall of an enormous business building.

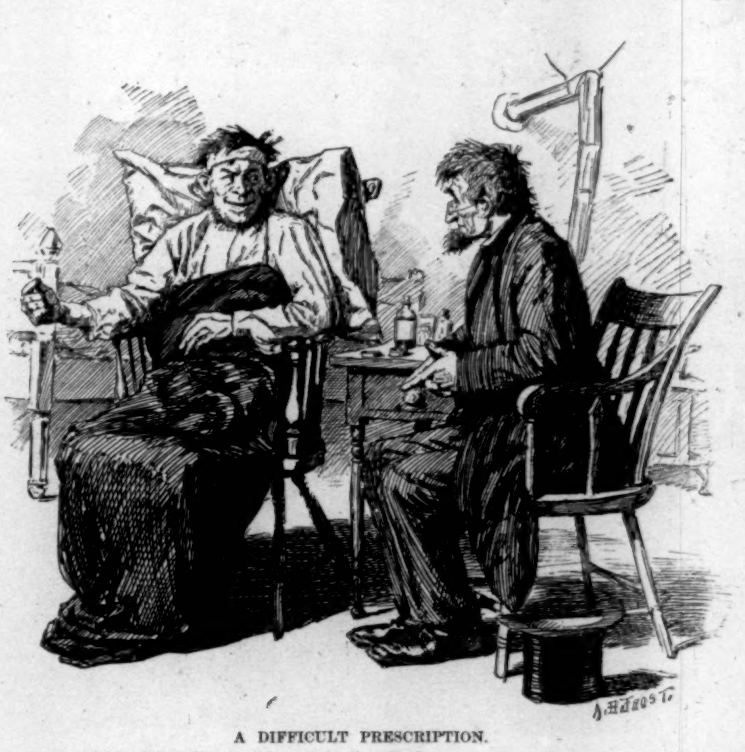
On Friday night, January 10th, however, it was adequately displayed, perhaps for the first time; all its wonderful beauty being brought out by unique ornamentation, and an arrangement of electric lights that was almost dazzling. It had been chosen by the Holland Society as the scene of their fifth annual dinner, and three hundred and fifty Dutchmen sat at three tables set lengthwise of the hall, while a hundred or more of the overflow were served in the adjoining café.

Such elaborate and characteristic ornamentation has seldom been seen at any dinner, in this city at least, though it mainly consisted of tulips, fir-trees, and electric lights. Over a thousand of the lights were arranged over the stained-glass panels in the ceiling, or roof rather, of the hall, while hundreds more flashed from among the branches of the trees that were ranged along the sides, and hundreds of candles lighted the tables. The tulips, however, were the main feature of the decoration. This national flower of the Hollanders was displayed in thousands of varieties. Over six thousand choice blossoms made the coloring of the room as iridescent as a kaleidoscope. The gathering together of such a collection as was perhaps never before seen outside of a mammoth horticultural fair has occupied the society for a full year, and not a man there esteemed his labor lost when he saw the result. Then, too, the tables were garnished with numerous ancient Dutch dishes, and over the head of that famous Lord of Misrule, Robert B. Roosevelt, who presided over the feast, was a huge floral device bearing the words of the old Dutch cry, "Oranje Boven."

And the dining party represented a class of men as distinctive and as distinguished as the appearance of the banquet hall. Not only were there many of the most accomplished and learned gourmets of the city there, but there was an unusual proportion of prominent professional men and men of affairs, and every man was a Dutchman. The Holland Society is one of the most distinctive of all those in New York which have for their purpose the grouping of men of kindred extraction. It was started in 1885 by Aaron J. Vanderpoel, Hooper C. Van Vorst, Lucas L. Van Allen, George M. Van Hoesen, George W. Van Slyck, and George W. Van Siclen. By the terms of its constitution no one is eligible as a member unless he is "a descendant in the direct male line of a Dutchman who was a native or resident of New York or of the American colonies prior to the year 1675." This, however, is farther explained to include "those of other former nationalities who found in Holland a refuge or a home, and whose descendants in the male line came to this country as Dutch settlers, speaking Dutch as their native tongue."

One of the toasts at the banquet on Friday night was "The Sea Beggars," and it was suggestive of the curious badge which, in gold or silver, adorned the lapel of every member's coat. It is a reproduction of the badge worn by William of Orange at the time of his assassination. This badge has on its face the bust of Philip II. of Spain, surrounded by the motto, "En tout fidelles au roy," and on the reverse two beggars' sacks, with two hands clasped in the centre, between them the date 1566, surrounded by the motto, "Jusques à porter la besace," with projecting rings from each side and from the base, in which are hung, at the sides, miniature porringers, and from the base a gourd in miniature. It was adopted in 1566 by the three hundred noblemen who, led by Count Brederode, began the open rebellion of the provinces against Philip II. They appeared before Margaret, Duchess of Parma, who was Philip's regent in the Low Countries, and she was so alarmed at the sight of them that the Count of Barlemont said to her, "They are only beggars." The name was caught up, and became famous throughout Europe, for the rebels adopted it.

The adoption of this badge, which they wear suspended by an orange ribbon from a horizontal bar, on which are the words "Holland Society," is only one of the ways in which the society seeks to perpetuate the traditions of the nation from which they came. They claim Holland to be the real birthplace of modern freedom, and consider the Pilgrim Fathers as their protégés.



A DIFFICULT PRESCRIPTION.

DOCTOR. "Well, Dennis, did you take the pills I sent you?"

DENNIS. "Indade, docthor, an' I *did* not: ye wrote on the box 'one pill three times a day,' an' I've bin waitin' till I see you to ask you how a man was to take a little bit av a pill loike that *three times in wan day!*"

WILLIAM DARRAH KELLEY.

Judge William D. Kelley, Representative from the Fourth Congressional District of Pennsylvania, died in Washington on January 9th. He had been a sufferer for some time from cancerous and catarrhal troubles, the latter induced by a recent cold. Judge Kelley was born in Philadelphia in 1814, his grandfather being Major John Kelley, of Revolutionary fame, and his father, David Kelley, a jeweller and watchmaker of that city. The financial embarrassments occasioned by the war of 1812 affected the family, and when his father died, shortly after, his mother was left in straitened circumstances with four children. William, however, was sent to school at an early age, and when eleven years old started to work as an errand-boy. For two years he was employed in various trades, being at one time copyholder in a printing-office, where, it is said, he acquired that distinctness in speaking which influenced his career in later life. He was apprenticed to a firm of jewellers at thirteen, where he remained seven years. In 1835 he found work at his trade in Boston, and while there made several public speeches, one of which was delivered in Faneuil Hall. He was then a Democrat and a free-trader. It was suggested to him by Colonel James Page, of his native city, that he should study law, and Colonel Page offered the young man a chance to read with him. The future Judge accepted the offer, registered as a student in Philadelphia, and in 1841 was admitted to practice at the bar. From that time forward his advancement was rapid. In 1845 he became Deputy Prosecuting Attorney for the State, where he made a name for himself as an able and conscientious lawyer, and a year later was appointed a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was elected Judge, under the new law, in 1851, to serve ten years. Some of his judicial decisions were very important, especially in a contested election case, where he made many enemies and gained a host of new friends. He was first nominated for Congress in 1856, on the Republican ticket, but was defeated. He was a delegate to the Chicago Convention of 1860, and after the election of President Lincoln was again placed in nomination to Congress, and elected from the district which he represented until his death, being then known as "the Father of the House."

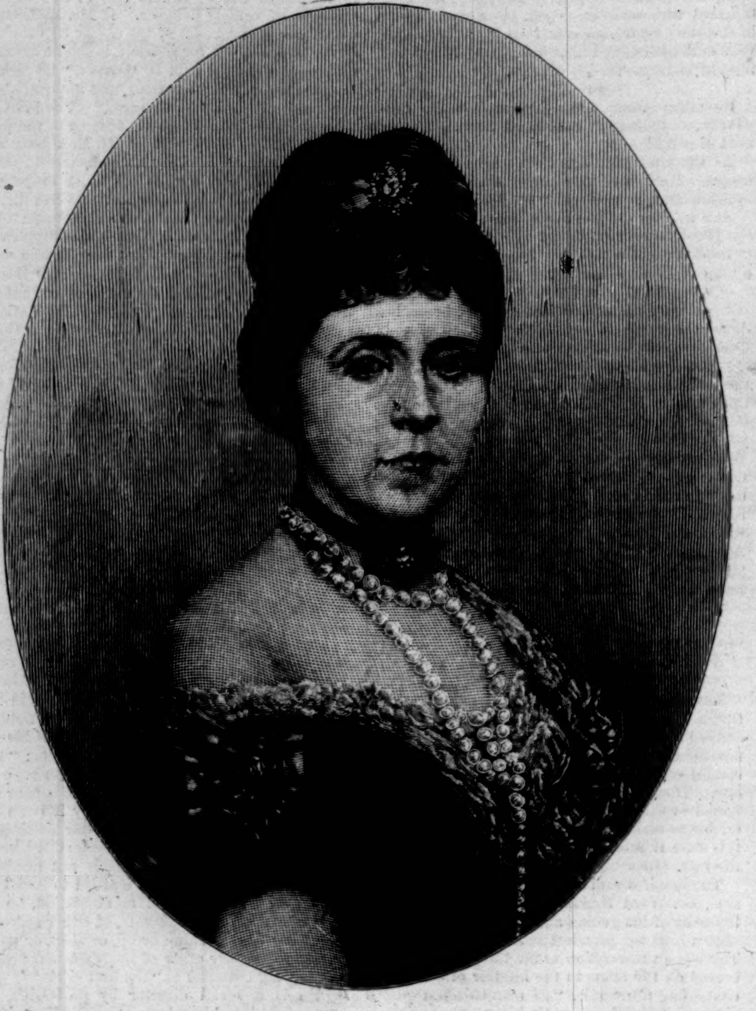
In 1854 the Missouri Compromise Act, which allowed slavery in that State and in all territory west of it, was repealed by the creation of the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas, and then Judge Kelley signified his intention of allying himself to the party favoring the extinction of slavery. Previous to that time he had been a Democrat; and upon receiving the Congressional nomination, two years later, he resigned his seat on the bench. When he took his seat in the Thirty-seventh Congress he at once became known as an earnest and ardent defender of the Union, and in 1862 was among the first to advocate the arming of the slaves. His early views on the tariff underwent a change some time before his election to Congress. He had been an advocate of the Walker revenue tariff bill in 1846, but the panic which followed altered his ideas on the subject. He was a member of the Ways and Means Committee from 1869 until last year, and was only retired this year from the duties of that committee by his special request. During his period of service upon that committee Judge Kelley earned for himself his famous sobriquet of "Pig-Iron," owing to his untiring exertions on behalf of the metal industries of his native State. It is said that he was particularly proud of this nickname, which was known all over the country, and letters addressed to the "Hon. P. I. Kelley" upon some tariff question were said to be frequently received by him.

His loss will be deeply felt in Congress by the Republican party, where he was an authority upon everything pertaining to the tariff, and where he earned and maintained an enviable name for honesty and sincerity. As a fighter he was fair and manly, and as a friend, loyal and constant.

His political speeches have become widely known, and he published, in addition to other literary and political essays, "Reasons for Abandoning the Theory of Free-Trade and Adopting the Principle of Protection to American Industry," "Letters on Industrial and Financial Questions," and "The New South." Judge Kelley made several trips to Europe, during which he employed his time in studying the conditions of the people. As a result of these investigations, he has published a series of "Letters from Europe."

When not at Washington, he has made his home in his own city, and owned a delightful place in West Philadelphia. His wife and several grown children survive him.

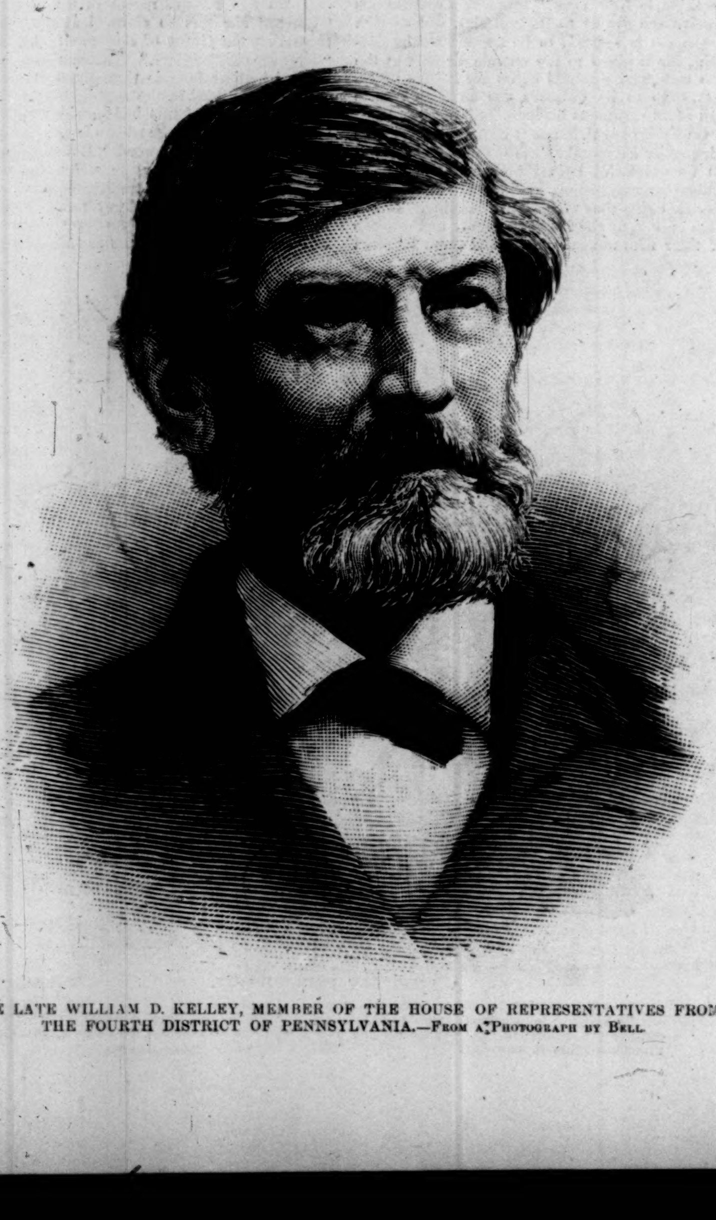
In the House of Representatives, and at a special meeting of the Pennsylvania delegation, resolutions in honor of his memory were passed, and similar honors were paid in the Senate. The funeral services were held in the House of Representatives on Saturday, January 11th, at noon. A number of Senators who had been colleagues of Judge Kelley in the House were present, together with a large majority of other members from the Senate, headed by the Vice-President. The Rev. Drs. Butler and Cuthbert officiated.

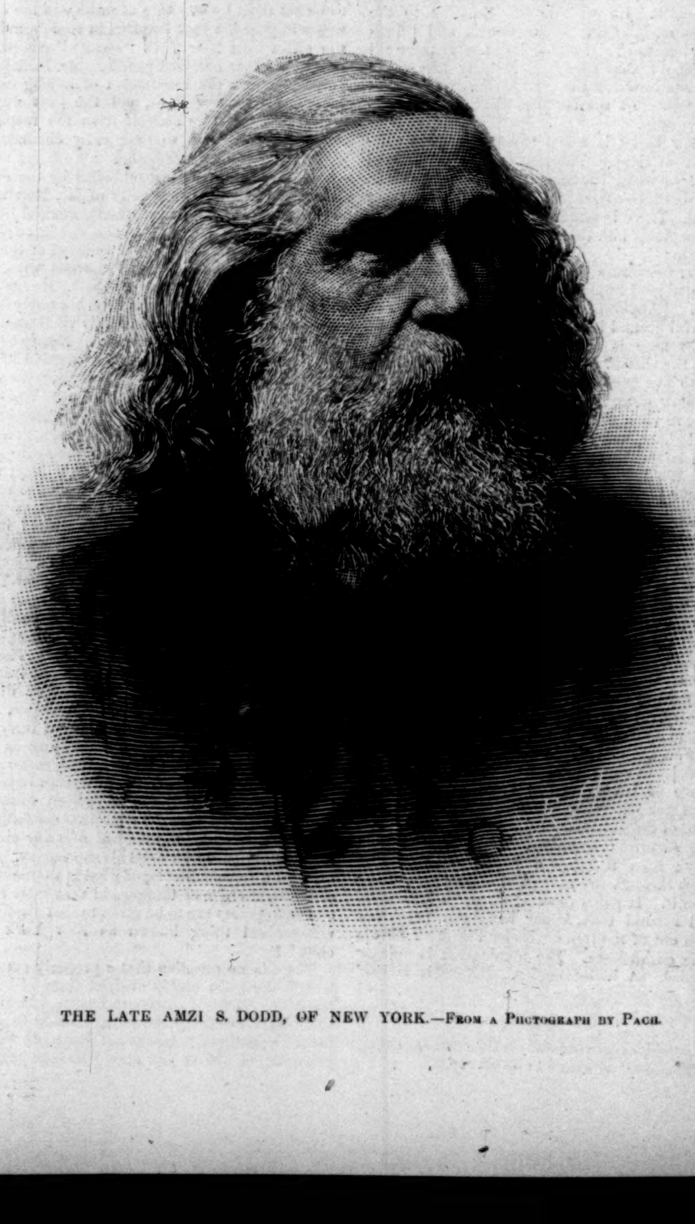

THE LATE DOWAGER EMPRESS AUGUSTA OF GERMANY.—[See Page 55.]

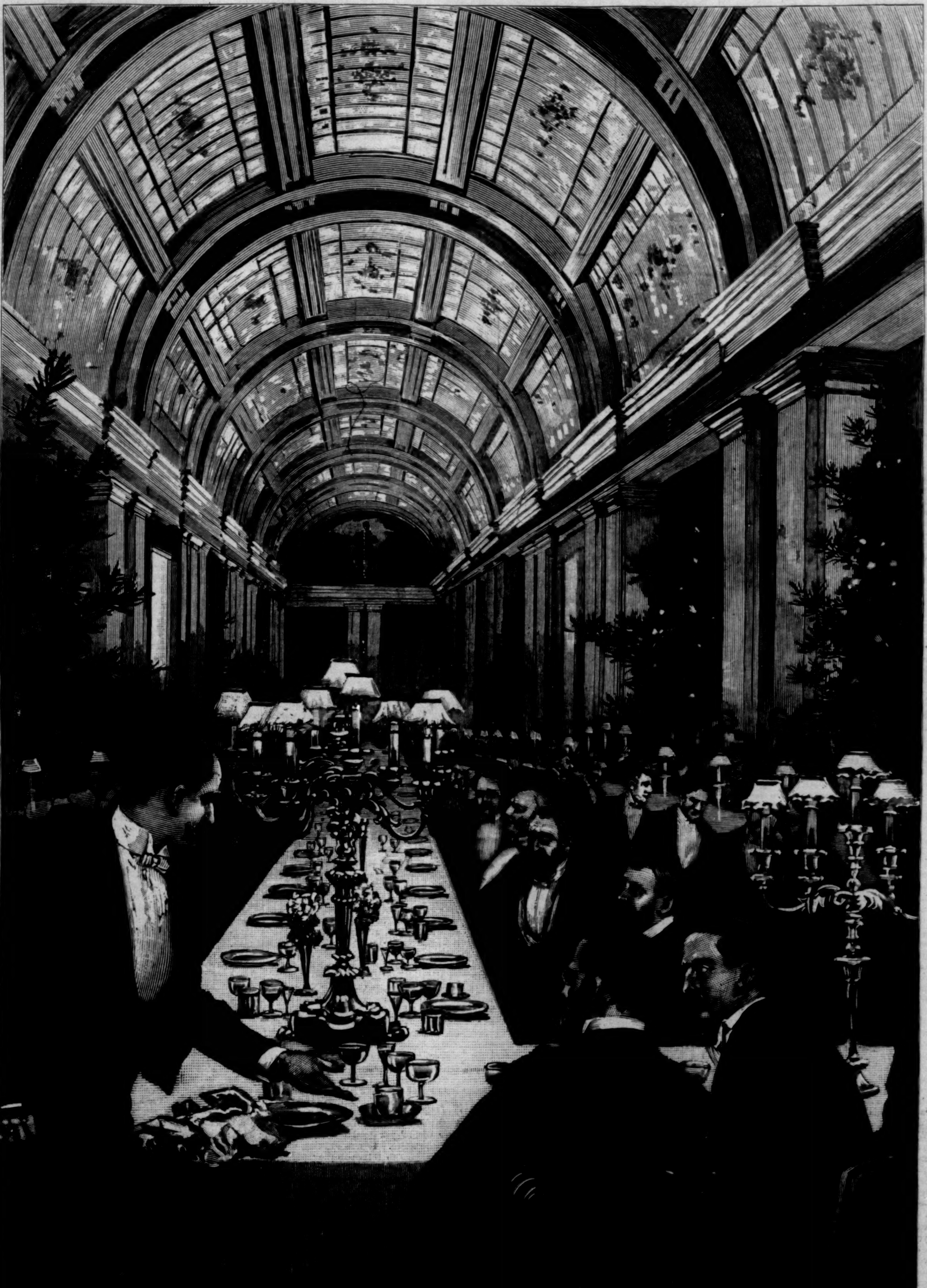
AMZI S. DODD.

Amzi S. Dodd, who died in New York on January 9th, was the founder of Dodd's Express and the New York Transfer Company, both of which are widely known to the people of New York and to the country in general. Mr. Dodd was born fifty-eight years ago, and his early life was spent in Rochester, New York. He received a common-school education, and coming to New York at the age of about eighteen he started as assistant cashier in the Marine Bank. The New Jersey Express, in Newark and New York, was the first step taken in the direction of the great baggage and parcel express which now bears his name. It was a modest venture, two horses and two wagons; but the business proved successful, and before long Mr. Dodd entered into partnership with R. E. Westcott, and for several years they continued in business together. Later, Mr. Dodd bought out his partner, and in 1872 the New York Transfer Company was formed, and Mr. Dodd became general manager and director, in which capacity he continued until his death. The company which was inaugurated in such a small way nearly forty years ago has now over five hundred horses, nearly that number of wagons and trucks, and the list of employés amounts to four hundred men. For a number of years the company has handled the United States mail in New York.

Mr. Dodd has been associated in several public works, and was early connected with the Metropolitan Telephone Company, of which he was treasurer. He acted as an officer or director of a number of institutions, and was a prominent member of several benevolent societies and Masonic and other clubs. For some weeks previous to his death he was out of health, and his death took place at the residence of his married daughter. He also leaves a widow and one son.


THE LATE WILLIAM D. KELLEY, MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES FROM THE FOURTH DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.—From a Photograph by Bell.


THE LATE AMZI S. DODD, OF NEW YORK.—From a Photograph by Pach.



THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY SNYDER AND GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 51.]

HOW MIKE DOOLAN'S GHOST APPEARED TO DANIEL HITCHCOCK.

"An' yer saw it furninst ye wid yer own oiyes?"

"Yaas, sir," answered Mr. Hitchcock, somewhat nettled by what he considered the irrelevance of the question. "Whoas else d'yer suppose I'd use?"

"P'r'aps hit was a hoptical hillusion," suggested Jim Bates.

To this Mr. Hitchcock deigned no reply further than a stony stare.

"Tell us the rights of the story, Dan'l, an' wphat made yer look enter th' celler," said Mr. Brock, the store-keeper of Dullville.

They had all gone there on seeing Daniel Hitchcock's buck-board and old sorrel mare in the shed attached to Mr. Brock's store, to hear from his own lips the corroboration of the strange, startling, not to say conflicting, rumors that had been and still were agitating the imaginations of the village. It was scarcely more than a week before that they had been thrown into a paroxysm of excitement on hearing that old Mike Doolan's ghost had been seen on the Hitchcock farm, formerly Doolan. It was beyond that, even, caused by the death of old Morley, the village miser and atheist, who up to the very last had refused to see Mr. Smiley, the Methodist clergyman, or even Mr. Watts, the Baptist minister, both most attentive in trying to see him—Mr. Watts even going so far as to say he would, under the circumstances, wave immersion, and be content with a comparatively *dry* baptism, if only Mr. Morley would make a confession of faith, and so consent to be snatched like a brand from the burning. But Mr. Morley had proved contumacious to the last, and until the last week the final disposal of his soul had been the chief topic of village conversation. They had all taken the gloomiest views imaginable, with the exception of Mr. Smiley, who had preached a funeral sermon on "our late dear brother." A "romance" some called it; a "good recommend," others. Mrs. Morley was a good woman as well as a good Methodist, and no doubt Mr. Smiley, with Christian charity, thought her virtues covered her husband's failings.

But all this had taken quite a back seat since old Mike Doolan had taken to walking, and had appeared to old Daniel Hitchcock, of all men in the world, in the glaring sunlight of an August afternoon. It had caused a refreshing and thrilling excitement, stirring the usually stagnant imaginations of what Dullville called "th' folks" just as the Morley question was beginning to lose its interest. It had lived the usual long life of country excitement, and Dullville felt quite important at being able to have another equally strong following so quickly on the vanishing heels of the first.

The furor it created had reached fever point on hearing the doctor and coroner had both been called to Mr. Hitchcock's place, and on their return Father Quin had been sent to lay the ghost. Women were afraid to go outside their doors at night; they even did not feel quite safe during the day. For had not this most unorthodox of spooks walked in the afternoon? Children huddled together as they played, and positively refused to go to bed without a light in the room. Jake Mace and Joe Brooks, the two wickedest boys in the village, had been actually seen playing at it. Jake, dressed in his grandmother's burying clothes, as the ghost; Joe, Mr. Hitchcock. Mrs. Mace had an attack of most violent hysterics on hearing of the desecration of those sacred clothes that had been waiting for her and their legitimate use for twenty years, and Jake had a most uncomfortable time of it when confronted by his venerable grandmother and upbraided as "a living limb of Satan."

Old Mrs. Scroggins, who lived alone, declared between her screams that "es long es them teu bhouys wus 'lowed teu deu jis es they likes, Christians air not safe en their beds, an' thet air spook kent be 'spected teu lay."

Many of the oldest inhabitants remembered rumors of foul play when old Mike Doolan had so suddenly disappeared some thirty years before. But there had been only himself, his old wife, and a young daughter of fourteen living in the house at the time. Doolan had not been rich enough to murder for robbery. He had been a harmless, not overwise old man, somewhat given to drinking; his wife, a hard-working woman, with the reputation of keeping him in order by the virulence of her tongue. A year after the old man's death his widow had sold to Hitchcock, and, with her daughter, gone West.

"Waal, Mister Brock," began Daniel Hitchcock, sitting down to a good long yarn with all the gusto a thorough countryman alone enjoys, "et jis arl heppened en thes way. It wore las' Sunday week—an', es yer arl knows, I dun't hold much by church-goin', not bein' a church-member—an' Mrs. Hitchcock, with th' childers, hed gaun teu visit hur mothur, an' then wore a-goin' on teu see Sairy Ann, hurn thet got married las' fall year teu hur sister's heolp, an' lef' me alarn with on'y Mirindy teu deu fur me. Yer sees Sairy Ann hed bin sick arf an' on a'most the summer with low fever—I allus sed es heow thet low-lyin' land wore onhealthy—an' hurn baby es on'y a puling, sickly kind oaf chile, without no constitootion. Waal, teu make a long story shoirt, I foun' it putty larnsome. Mirindy hed garn ovver teu Miller's fur Naomi teu go berrying with hur, an' I jis thort es heow I'd go an' see heow the ca-arn wore gitting alang. Yer kneows ets onter thet bit oaf interval lan' right deown by th' river, an' it's jis growin' splendid. So I carls teu Watch, an' walked doddling like, thur bein' oaf no hurry like, ontil I got teu the patch. Thur es as good es one henderd bushel teu it wphen husked. I wore a-calculating oaf it, wphen I seed it a-wavin'"—moving his hands slowly—"an' I thort teu myself es th' wind wore a-risin', an' et wore jis my luck fur a hail-stoarm teu cum hup an' lay my ca-arn, es et ded oncet hup teu orld Moores's plaace—yer r'member, twelve years ago—jis afore he wore a-goin' teu cut it. An' I lucked straight across, still a-seein' oaf its tarl heads a-movin', an' jis r'membered es heow I felt no wind stirrin', an' et wore close un' still, es ef natur hed furgit teu breathe; an' es I lucked—jis es I might be luckin' at you, Mr. Brock—I sees an orld man comin' straight teu me, right afore my eyes."

Mr. Hitchcock paused, with true dramatic instinct, and felt, as it were, the pulse of his audience.

Tim Doyle, his small pale blue eyes opened to their widest extent, his curly red hair almost on end, muttered, "Holy mother!" He would have crossed himself, but feared the jibes of Daniel Hitchcock, who was known to be, after Morley, just deceased, a most "onreligious man." He would not have been observed, though, so absorbed was each in his own fears and the story.

"Heow wore he dressed?" asked Mr. Brock, as Hitchcock still waited.

"Dressed! Thet's wore he hed me. Who ever heared tell oaf a spook dressed en an old suit oaf gray homespun claathes, wi' a red an' yeller han'kerchief ovver hes head, tied under hes chin—"

Here Doyle exclaimed again, "Oh, the holy Vargin presarve us, that's ould Doolan to the loife!"

Hitchcock looked at him with withering scorn. "Air you a-tellen oaf this story, Mister Doyle, or me?"

His listeners breathed hard; those sitting, leaning forward, with their elbows on their knees; those standing, pressing close upon each other in their anxiety to get nearer to Hitchcock, and so not lose a word of what he was saying.

"Go on, Mister Hitchcock," said Mr. Green, feeling he must be appeased; "an', Tim Doyle, ef yer aga'n enterrupt, you'll be put ouet oaf th' rum. Heow ded he look? Ded he speak ter yer?"

"'Look! speak!' Na; but you bet I ded. I jis thort es heow et wore thet crazy loon old Bosquin, thet lives up teu th' san' bar, th' same es makes th' baskets, fur I could not see hes *features* cl'ar—th' sun wore a-shinin' 'tween us. So I shaded my eyes wi' my han', an' saw hem es plain es I sees ye, Mister Green. So I hollered et hem: 'Wphat deu yer mean a-tre*pass*ing on my faarm, an' en my ca-arn? Yer jes cl'ăr ouet, or I'll set th' dog on yer. An' I'll be blamed ef thet orld man ded not come right on, wi'out a-luckin' or a-takin' anny notice. I hollered aga'n, louder thes time, for I thort es heow he wore deef; an' he hed got close anuff for me teu see he wore not ould Bosquin, an' he hed an' orld pipe en hes mouf."

"It wuz him!" Doyle in his excitement could not help exclaiming, his red face blanched with fear. "It's Doolan to the loife. Arl the saints have marcy on us!"

"Mister Doyle," said Dan'l Hitchcock, with magisterial dignity, "I'll be much obliged ef yer'll kindly permit me teu tell my arn story in my arn way."

"A pipe hin 'is mouth," said Mr. Bates, the Thomas of Mr. Hitchcock's audience, "hand hout of a shroud? I don't 'old by ghosts who walk by daylight."

Mr. Bates could not bring himself to believe in ghosts, unless they belonged to old families and moated granges or haunted ancestral halls, and then only in sheets. This was altogether too democratic a ghost for him to put much faith in.

"Ourn spooks hain't bloated aristocracts. They walks es they lives, an' hain't no ways 'shamed oaf the claathes they found good anuff fur airth," and Mr. Brock felt he had the best of Mr. Bates there.

"Waal, gentlemen, hev yer dun disputin'? Fur ef not, we'll a'journ thes meetin'."

"Proceed, Mister Hitchcock," said Jabez Moore; "an' th' fust thet speaks agin I'll put hem oueter th' store."

"Waal, es I were a-sayin', I wore by thes time putty consedirably rized, an' I hollered loud 'nuff fur teu be mistook fur th' judgment trump, 'Git ouet thes minute, ye air a-trampling my ca-arn down,' an' I up wi' my han's like, an' carled teu Watch teu go fur him. An' es I lucked, he jis wore not thar! I rubbed my eyes, gentlemen, I tuck hold onteu my arms teu feel es I wore myself like. I whustled, an' wore sure es I wore I. But not a sight oaf hem could I see; an' wphen I r'member teu luck et Watch, he wore arl a-crumpled up like at my feet, a-shakin' like quakin'-grass.

"I arns hup I felt scared like, et wore so oncommen the way thet orld man jis went enter nuthen, arl in a minute, teu, wphen he wore not mor'n ten yards from me. An' then I thort es heow he might be a-hiden, fur I jis felt I wouldn't be beat; so I sez teu myself, I sez, 'Neow, Dan'l, orld man, dun't yer be skeart like an orld wooman, but go forrard like a man.' So I carled teu Watch, but he wouldn't move, an' went forrard enter th' ca-arn. An' would yer believe me, gentlemen, thur wore not a head oaf ca-arn a-trodden deown? It wore stan'en es straight es a popler. I felt jis fur arl th' world like Watch, only he hed th' better oaf me en haven fur legs teu tremble on.

"I didn't say a word teu the wemen-folks wphen they got back hum—wemen-folks air sech skeary kettle. An' jis a week arter, my wife she comes teu me, an' sez, sez she, 'Dan'l, here's a letter fur yer.' Wphen she giv' et me, sumthin' sed enside oaf me, 'Neow, Dan'l, yer'll hear sumthin' 'bout yer orld tre*passer*.' Fur I hed hed a most powerful feelen ever sence I hed seen hem es heow he wore allus near me. It wore a'most es ef I hed seen hem go, so strong ded I feel, wphen my wife giv' me thet letter, the orld chap jis hup an' put.

"Waal, arter I hed lucked et arl ovver—fur et hed a powerful sight oaf stamps onter et—teu see wore it comes from, I opened et, an' Mirindy, my eldest gal, who es a gr'at schollard—she wore eddicated ovver teu Ridgeway—she re'd et fur me. It wore from Marg'et Doolan, orld Mike's darter."

"Howly Moses, presarve us! Pore Marg'et!"

"An' she sez, sez she, es heow hur morthur wore dead, an' she wore a-dyen, an' would not die easy onless she told me abeout hur faythur's death. The priest had made hur promise, afore he would give hur th' las' sacrement, teu write teu me; an' by thes token thet we would fin' hes body enter the suller, we would know es heow hur morthur, arter they hed hed wurds, hed took hup a stick oaf wood, an' het the orld man a blow on hes head es he set ovver th' fire, an' she made the gal help hur wi' th' body enter th' suller, an' burried et jis onter th' rieght-han' side oaf th' door. An' thur, gentlemen, we found et. Fur my wife sez, sez she, 'Dan'l, I won't 'low yer teu tetch thet thing onless th' docter an' th' crowner be wi' yer, an' th' priest'—wemen air so 'stitious like—'so es teu give th' pore man peace et lars!' So Avery, my eldest bhoy—he es jis eighteen—I sent him enter th' village, es yer arl knows, an' he brought ouet Docter Jones an' Mister Skinner an' Father Quin; an' I takes a crow-bar an' spade, an' deown we goes. I guess we arl felt scared, but not one on us lets onter th' other, but wore most perlite 'bout who would go fust, an', arter arl, th' priest did; an' thur wore th' bones oaf an orld man, th' crowner an' docter sed, an' pieces oaf gray homespun claathes; an' then we hed an' inquest on 'em, an' th' docter he sez, sez he, thur wore a crack on th' skull bad anuff teu kill three men."

"Is thet arl?" asked Israel Hurst, with the sense of loss that generally comes when nervous tension lessens after the climax has been reached.

"'Arl!' Wphat morn ded yer wunt?" replied Mr. Hitchcock, with fine scorn.

"Pore Mike Doolan! I minds him es a bhoy. It's a troubled bed he's laid in, God rest his sowl! The murthuring ould woman, to kill a pore ould man thet scarce knowed his right harnd from his left, foreby he wasn't tould."

"Did yer never see him afore that arternoon?"

"No, sir, never; an' I knows thet patch well, Mister Abercrombie, an' hev lived on thet farm goin' on thirty year, an' hev seen et laid en oats, wpheat, an' 'taters, oncet en clover, an' never seed no wone entur et afore."

"An' wphat, Mister Hitchcock, d'yer thenk neow made hem walk on thet 'ticulur Sunday arternoon?" asked Mr. Green, with great solemnity of manner, feeling that the ghost might be an invisible listener.

"Waal," answered Mr. Hitchcock, as he turned the tobacco in his mouth, so as to have a better aim at no place in particular, but merely to avoid hitting any of the gentlemen—"waal, Mister Green, I think et wore a purpus teu give me foreknowledge oaf th' letter th' darter wore a-writin' oaf. The date wore the same;" and Mr. Hitchcock's keen gray eye spotting Jake Mace, who had pushed himself well in front, one grin of delighted interest from the crown of his brimless straw hat to his little bare feet, a boy he found "no use for," he directed the full artillery of his tobacco juice in his direction, with such direful effect that poor Jake made a demoralized retreat, too astonished and indignant even to howl.

"Did yer bury him?" asked Mr. Brock; he liked small details.

"'Bury him!' In coorse, Mister Brock: My wemen wore so right deown skeart es heow th' orld boy might walk agin, they wouldn't settle deown nohow, but wore es peart an' *contrary* es hunted birds, ontil I hed got a coffin from Denis Ting an' collected th' bones. Th' priest he cum ouet an' poured a gallon oaf holy-water on 'em, an' they wore kerried teu the Catholic burying-ground. Father Quin is a pleasant sort oaf man, an' he as'ed me ef I wouldn't give one dollur fur masses fur th' repose oaf hes soul. He sed jis heow et would jes be fore masses. But I larfs, I ded, an' sez I—sez I, 'Neow, Mister Quin, ef he hes so little manners left es teu walk agin arter arl I hev done a'ready fur him, wphich hes cost me a'ready twenty dollurs, I thenk he'd bettur stay en pur*gatory* till he l'arns 'em.'"

"Hi thinks you was correct, Mister 'Itchcock, and we are much obliged to you for a most hinteresting and hextro*ar*dinary story."

"Begarra!" said Tim Doyle, "he must just be longing for rest, pore Mike must, arfther arl these years of wanderin'. An' to think he still wore smokin' that small dudeen of a pipe beats arl I ever h'ard tell of. Well, gintlemen, I'll be arfther wishin' yez good-night," added Tim, as he left the store. It was growing dark, and Tim felt anxious to return to the "purtiest wife an' childers in the wurruld," waiting for him in the small log house on the edge of the swamp.

Augusta Cox.

THE MAKING AND MENDING OF COUNTRY ROADS.

Time was when the roads of the United States were marvels of badness, and in many parts of the country time has dealt very gently with their defects. The departure of a traveller for a distant city was a more solemn episode in the days of the Revolution and immediately after than is the beginning of a tour around the world to-day. His friends gathered at the tavern from which the stage-coach started to see him off, and with doleful surmises to drink success to him in his perilous journeyings. His wife and family remained in a wretched state of anxiety until they were notified days afterward of his safe arrival at his destination; but the contentment born of the good news was sadly tempered by the reflection that he must return through the very dangers which he had encountered in going. A trip to Boston occupied the working days of a week. In summer the traveller was choked by dust, and in the spring and fall he was hauled through mud when he was not stuck in it.

The picture of the means of travel which is drawn in Professor McMaster's and Mr. Henry Adams's histories is, of course, a picture of the past. There are no such roads as those over which our forefathers made their painful way, nor is the community any longer dependent on the public highways for intercommunication. The railway has taken the place of the dirt road, the Macadam, the Telford, and all other forms of the highway upon which men formerly depended. So far from being any longer the index of a country's civilization, the public highways are now more nearly suggestions of the wealth and luxury of communities, or of their remoteness from railway centres. If they are especially good, if they are macadamized (this term being now generally used for the designation of any road which has an artificial foundation, or even a top-dressing of stone), we usually conclude that there are many carriages and much pleasure-driving in the vicinity. Occasionally the roads in a New England county town are maintained in good condition for the accommodation of the farmers who retain the habit of hauling their produce to the centre on the general market-day. At Greenfield, Massachusetts, for example, the shire-town of Franklin County, the farmers of twenty-five neighboring towns are to be seen in the village square every Monday. It has been the county's market-day for generations, and the main street of the village is then crowded with wagons from early morning until afternoon. This traffic has necessitated good roads, and there is no finer highway in the country, nor one better preserved, than that which runs through the middle of this beautiful village. It will be found throughout the country, at least throughout the eastern and central portions of it, that the roads are such as the wagonless part of the community can be shamed into giving. In other words, the time having gone by when the bulk of trade and transportation depends upon the public way, the majority of the inhabitants of a community have ceased to be personally interested in the roads. They journey to their business or their pleasure by rail, and they experience physical discomfort from bad roads or streets only when they are forced to wade across them through the mud. In the average village or small city there are a very few carriages in proportion to the number of people, or *per capita*, as the statisticians would say. The store-keepers who are obliged to deliver their goods through the village and its outskirts, the draymen, the hackmen, the doctors, and those who ride for pleasure, are the immediate sufferers from bad roads, and they often pay a heavy tax for the wear and tear of their vehicles and for injuries to horses. Nevertheless, it is too late in the world's progress to say that the condition of our highways is an indication of our civilization. Roads and civilization have very little to do with one another in these days. When they are interdependent, as is shown by the Greenfield illustration, the roads are looked after. Bad roads affect civilization only as they retard the kind of communication that is now almost wholly maintained by railroads. Even the current of social life moves along the railroad track, and visits are paid between adjoining villages a mile or two apart by the aid of the steam-cars.

It is not worth while to put a cause on a false basis, least of all a cause so absolutely dependent upon popular favor as any that relates to local government. Our public highways have not improved as rapidly as other institutions, because they have not remained the public necessity that they were. The railroad has superseded them. It is idle to point to the roads of England and France as examples of what ought to have been done, because those roads were made in coaching days through thickly settled countries, and have not depended for their maintenance upon the selfish indifference of a republic. Our roads are bad, disgracefully bad, and that they are so is one of the worst and most annoying exhibitions of the tyranny of an irresponsible majority. The man who keeps his carriage or his business wagon has a right to demand proper ways for its use. The community breaks faith with him and with all who pay a road tax when it wastes it in the clay mud-holes that are so commonly met in the immediate vicinity of this city.

The readers of Harper's Weekly have been told about the manner of making the best roads. They have not been told very much concerning the nature of good dirt roads. It is essential, however, that every one who is interested in road-making should know how to build a good dirt road, for dirt roads are a great and extensive inheritance from our ancestors, and they abound in every section of the land. The statistics of roads and their cost are interesting in this connection, and may furnish to some of our town and village officers instruction of which they stand very much in need. According to the last census, there were in 1880 in forty-two New England cities, exclusive of Boston, 3604 miles of streets. Of these only 461 were paved, 2449 miles were gravel roads, and 694 miles were the common dirt roads. The census agents who gathered the reports for Mr. Waring in New England almost invariably counted the gravel road as unpaved. The New York agents seemed to regard gravel as a species of paving. In this State fifteen cities, exclusive of New York and Brooklyn, having 1149 miles of streets, possessed 195 miles of paved streets, a little larger percentage than that of New England; but, on the other hand, there were only 330 miles of gravel roads, and 624 miles of dirt roads. It is evident from this that when we say "the dirt road must go," we are reckoning without our host. Roads are improving every year, and will continue to improve; but the dirt road has such a hold upon the mind of the average tax-payer who walks, and of the average village officer and road-master, who knows that the walking gentlemen out-vote the men who ride in chaises, that it is evident that we shall be obliged to make the best of it for some time to come.

Gravel roads and dirt roads are the same, and no difference can be made between them in the treatment of this subject, except as the gravel road is one of the best forms of the dirt road. Even a road upon which there is a top-dressing of stone, there being no artificial foundation, is a form of dirt road. Any way whose organized basis is earth is a dirt road, although there seems to be a prevailing opinion among the road-masters of this immediate vicinity that a slight sprinkling of bluestone on top of the sand or clay substratum changes the character of the road, and elevates it above the ordinary dirt highway. And yet, generally, this little sprinkling of stone simply adds to the inconvenience and danger of the traveller, and does no permanent good. Every one familiar with country life has experienced the discomforts of jolting over the broken stones occasionally scattered upon a road's surface. Usually those who are compelled to drive on a road that has been treated in this manner get over as far as possible on one side, so that a track is soon worn there, the rest of the way being left untouched except by vehicles that have been compelled to turn out. Thus one side of the road needs repairing before the other has begun to show signs of wear.

Any one who is desirous of seeing a dirt road in all its imperfections, and studying an object-lesson in ignorant road-making, can gain all the requisite information and all the experience he can stand within twelve miles of the Forty-second Street railroad station, and almost, if not quite, within the city limits. Let him who wants to see dirt roads run riot undertake to drive from the village of Westchester to New Rochelle along the broad boulevard which goes by way of Pelham Bridge. This way is, with few exceptions, a mass of heavy, sticky mud. The road is full of holes and pitfalls. Here and there are sandy patches which dry quickly, but they are fewer than the oases in the Great Desert of Sahara. Over the bridge the road is narrower, and was once macadamized, but years of inattention have worn it out. It is the road over which the coach of the Coaching Club used to be driven, but now no driver who respects himself, his horse, or his vehicle could be induced to traverse it unless his errand was one of absolute necessity. It is worn down to the metal, and the unhappy man who can neither walk nor ride must go jolting over the foundation stones of what was once a fine highway, and which might have been maintained in its pristine virtue at a comparatively small expense. It now belongs to the city of New York, because it lies within the boundaries of Pelham Bay Park. In consequence of the long-lingering proceedings in condemning the property included in the park, it was neglected for several years, the towns refusing to expend any money on what was soon to belong to the city, and the city not having the right to take charge of the work. Now, however, the road from south of Pelham Bridge to New Rochelle is the city's, and members of the park police are to be seen upon it. They are not needed to prevent fast driving. Fast driving is impossible; even moderate speed would necessarily result in the utter destruction of a light wagon. The city's road-master has also gone to work, and whoever he may be, has shown a wonderful capacity for acquiring all the vices that characterize his rural colleague, whose method can be easily studied by an examination of the means employed for mending the road through Pelham Bay Park.

This method is one of extraordinary simplicity. It has been practised by rural road-masters as long as road taxes and road-mending have been known. A plough and some spades are all the tools required. The plough is run through the wet ditches, which are filled with soft, rotten vegetation at the season when roads are mended. The mud and rotting vegetation thus turned up are thrown out into the travelled way. Its principal element is clay, which is usually saturated with the water that has fallen during the wet season. The treatment bestowed upon the boulevard has been also applied to the road beyond Pelham Bridge—the road which skirts some of the fine country places that are now part of the park. The result is that for several miles the highway is a mass of soft clay mud, on which horses are compelled to walk not only on account of the heavy soil, which is so sticky that the lifting of a hoof is accompanied by that sucking sound so full of despair to one who finds himself mired in a bog, but because the soft and yielding mass, notwithstanding the recent mending of the road, has been already worked into holes and dangerous ruts by the swinging and unsteady vehicles which go lumbering and swaying through it. There is no worse example of rural methods of building and mending roads than is to be found in Pelham Bay Park, and these methods prevail wherever there are dirt roads.

In the village of New Rochelle one meets with another vice, the more exasperating because it is exceedingly expensive. There is a habit which obtains in some distant rural communities of throwing brush and branches of trees into particularly muddy spots. This device satisfies the farmer who, with his team and tools, is working out the road tax, because the brush or branches remain in sight until his back is turned, and his annual duties to the town have been performed; but why a similar device should deceive a whole community or satisfy the conscience of a village road-master would be difficult to tell. Perhaps it is all only another illustration of the force of example and tradition. It is the almost universal practice through this neighborhood to throw broken stone into the holes and ruts. The soil is clay, and a suitable foundation is not made before the stone is put upon the road. Usually a very expensive bluestone, costing from $2 50 to $3 a ton, is used. This stone is heavy, so that a ton makes a very small quantity; and it takes, therefore, a good many tons to cover a road, or to fill up many bad places. There is plenty of native stone in the neighborhood, for Westchester County is built upon a rock. This stone has been used whenever the streets have been dug up for water or gas pipes or for a sewer. At such times a good deal of rock has been blasted out by the contractors. No stone, however, used after the rustic fashion I have just described can be of permanent value to a road. With the quickly alternating frosts and thaws of the climate it gradually sinks out of sight, leaving the holes into which it was dumped bigger and more dangerous than they were before.

These illustrations are intended to indicate vices in the making of dirt roads, and are specially valuable because they show how general is the ignorance on this important subject. Wretched dirt roads are not confined to distant rural communities. They may be encountered within the limits of the city of New York, and wherever they exist they will be found to cost nearly if not quite as much as good dirt roads, while they impose upon those whose business or pleasure is dependent upon them extra expenditure, and that in some places is equivalent to the road tax.

A fundamental fact that must be recognized by those who are charged with the task of constructing dirt roads is that a road with a clay surface cannot be good. The surface must be composed of some substance that will not retain water. Another fundamental fact is that while sand makes a much better road than clay, it is too dry and too easily disintegrated by passing wheels for a desirable wagon way. Yet, during most of the year in the Northern climate, a sand road is much better than one of clay. The soil of the road through Pelham Bay Park as far north as the bridge is that; with the exception of a few short stretches of sand, it is pure, unadulterated clay. The recent rains have made it almost impassable, for the vehicles have churned it into mud, and their narrow tires have cut it into ruts and holes. It cannot be mended until next spring, and, indeed, the kind of mending which has been resorted to only increases the quantity of mud. The road will probably be quite impassable before spring, and the people who are dependent upon it for their supplies of food are face to face with a very serious problem. Such roads are usually prolific of suits for heavy damages against the towns and cities that maintain them. Those who are accustomed to resort to this one for pleasure-driving have already abandoned it.

The proper method of treating clay in making a dirt road is to dig it out, and to cart much of it away. A bed should be prepared for the reception of a foreign substance. The clay surface should be cut to at least the depth of a foot. It would be still better if the spade should go to the frost line; but probably the community that could afford to prepare such a foundation for a road could also afford a better superstructure than one of dirt and gravel. In a clay soil, deep side ditches and draining are absolutely essential. These ditches should allow a fall of from two to three feet from the crown of the road.

The substantial part of the road should be sand. It is sometimes thought that the sand should be mixed with clay on account of its absorptive quality, but usually the presence of the neighboring clay is sufficient to supply the sand in dry seasons with all the necessary moisture. The sand and the surface dressing may involve expense, but expense must be incurred if a good dirt road is to be made in a clay soil. In the long-run it will be found that initial expense, if it is wise, will be eventually a saving, for not only will it greatly reduce the tax for mending, but the incidental cost to citizens of wear and tear will be lightened. The best surface dressing for such a road as I have been describing is gravel or shale. If it can be afforded, limestone crushed into minute particles is most excellent for this purpose. A road to which this substance is applied requires a hard smooth surface, for the action of water and the grinding of passing wheels transform the stone into a cement. Professor Shaler recommends the use of vegetable substances where gravel and shale cannot be easily procured, such as twigs, small branches, and even pine needles. He also mentions the fine wood shavings known as "excelsior" as a good material, from some experience that he has had of roads to which it has been applied in the Western States. Tan-bark is also a very good top-dressing. It is unnecessary, however, for any community in this part of the country to resort to such makeshifts, for sand and gravel are abundant and cheap enough to warrant their use by a town or village that can afford to build any but the most primitive thoroughfares. Indeed, there is every pecuniary reason why all the principal roads in the neighborhood of New York should be macadamized. And here it may be permissible to call attention to one local consideration which I do not recollect to have seen mentioned—that is, the presence of large quantities of excellent road-making stone. Every town should have its crusher, but all towns do not have this useful machine; and there is no reason why the farmers who possess the material should not break it up by hand in the winter for use on the roads in the spring. It would be much better for the highways if they should be permitted to thus work out their road tax, instead of by ploughing mud out of a ditch to the ruin of the way. The actual work on roads should be by day's work, paid for with hard cash.

The problem of building a road in sandy soil has been already partially indicated. The ditching along the sides should be shallower, and there should be an admixture of clay, for the purpose of preventing the excessive dryness due to the non-absorptive quality of the sand. There is precisely the same necessity for a top-dressing for sand roads as for those which have been described. In making a road in clay soil we simply accomplish what Nature herself has done in the sandy soil. We make a bed which cannot long remain in a state of mud, mud being the great enemy of progress and of the structure of the road. The sandy soils afford a very much better material for ways than the clay, but during the summer their dust becomes almost intolerable; in other words, moisture is needed, while in clay soils it is essential to produce the opposite condition. It is for this reason that the side ditches should be shallower than those dug by clay roads, because it is not well that the rain-water should flow off. Therefore road-masters ought to mix clay with the sand, to perform the office which is the task of the bottom and embankments of the clay roads. There should be also the top-dressing of gravel, stone, or vegetable matter, in order that wheels and horses may have a firm surface. This is as essential in the one soil as in the other. The sand is often bound together and prevented from shifting by planting quick-growing trees along the edge of the road, the interlacing roots keeping the way in place. A wall of any kind will accomplish the same result. The tendency of the loose sand is to slip away before the pressure of the burden, so that a broad untrammelled road of sand is only less difficult to the horse than the muddy clay highway.

The cost of a good road is the standing objection in rural communities to its construction. As a matter of fact, in the end good roads cost less than bad roads. Captain Greene went so thoroughly into this phase of the subject in his article on asphalt, macadam, and other first-rate roads that I shall content myself with giving some striking statistics from the census of 1880. They show how some towns excel others in maintaining for less or the same yearly expenditure a greater or an equal mileage of roads. It is fair to say, of course, that in some instances a good many of the towns hold the advantage by reason of their better system of local government, the town meeting being much more effective and economical than the village government.

Augusta, Maine, in 1880, spent $12,000 on 150 miles of road, 145 of which were dirt. For $15,000 Gloucester maintained 140 miles of gravel road; for $5500 Manchester, New Hampshire, maintained 125 miles of road, 90 of which were gravel, 4 paved, and 31 dirt. If we examine some of the statistics of this State, the comparison becomes still more instructive and interesting. The expenditure of Elmira, for example, was only $2500 less than that of Gloucester; but while the latter maintained 140 miles of gravel road, the former maintained only 75 miles, 72 of which were dirt. Waltham, Massachusetts, maintained 80 miles of road—20 paved and 60 gravel—for $450 less than was expended by Elmira. Lewiston, Maine, spent $15,000 on 68 miles of dirt road and 2 miles of paved streets; Weymouth, Massachusetts, spent $5500 on 90 miles of gravel road. Bridgeport, Connecticut, spent $4000 on 89 miles of gravel road and 1 mile of paved street; Binghamton spent the same on 40 miles of dirt road and 2 of paved street. Yonkers expended from $15,000 to $20,000 on 20 miles of paved streets and 38 miles of dirt road. This is not an accurate measurement of the relative cost of good and bad dirt roads, but it affords substantial evidence that the good roads are the cheapest in the long-run.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

THE DEAD EMPRESS AUGUSTA.

ON the afternoon of January 7th, the day on which the remains of the Donna Theresa, the ex-Empress of Brazil, were borne in state to their last resting-place, the Pantheon, in Lisbon, the Dowager Empress Augusta, of Germany, peacefully breathed her last at Berlin. The immediate cause of her death was an attack of the prevailing influenza, which, after a relapse, developed into pneumonia. At her bedside were the Emperor and Empress, and their two eldest sons, the Crown-Prince William and Prince Frederick, and the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden. One of the latest visitors at the palace was Count Von Moltke, who went away much affected by her alarming condition. The esteem and affection in which she was held by the people were indicated by the crowd that assembled in Unter den Linden, before the palace, to express their sympathy for the Empress, and there they remained until the lowering of the imperial standard from its place over the palace announced her death to the people. As the end came, the mourners who were with her, her near relatives and her much attached attendants, knelt around the bed, and the court chaplain offered a prayer, and then blessed the remains.

With the death of the venerable Empress, at the age of nearly eighty years, another eminent personage has passed from among those prominently identified with the events that through the larger part of the present century were leading up to German unification and the brilliant conquests of the German arms. Her performance upon the stage of human affairs has been an unnoted one by comparison with that of her famous husband, Emperor William I., and the great men who were his counsellors, but in every condition of her exalted station she has borne herself appropriately and fulfilled all its requirements. Her tastes were literary and domestic. Amid the military and diplomatic activity that marked the epoch following the ascension of her husband to the throne of Prussia, she liked to surround herself with literary men and women, and she was a liberal patron of music, literature, and the arts.

In a recent English book published in London the writer thus describes the Empress Augusta as she appeared in the earlier days of her court life: "Long after the first blush of youth had faded she was a superbly handsome woman; her shoulders especially were magnificent. No woman in this century understood in so high a degree the graces and minutiæ of royal receptions; she had the rare and precious gift of tact. She had the formulary of courts at her finger-ends. In her clear, high-pitched, slightly ringing voice she improvised a conversation, mostly a one-sided one, with wonderful facility, sparing the other party even the trouble of responding, and never committing a blunder."

The Empress Augusta, born in Weimar, September 30, 1811, was the daughter of the Duke Charles of Saxe-Weimar. A bright child by nature, she grew up in a literary atmosphere that stimulated her, and her grace and vivacity at the age of eleven years won the praise of the poet Goethe. When, on his seventy-third year, she presented him with a laurel wreath and an address in verse, the old man, in his emotion, exclaimed, "My lovely queen of flowers!" In her early girlhood she wrote several excellent poems, and the dramatist Carl von Holtel, writing from Weimar in 1827, praised her taste and talents, adding, "Everybody at court loves her as the apple of his eye."

Her marriage on June 11, 1829, with Prince William, second son of William III., King of Prussia, was a union that was deemed a desirable one on motives of policy, but it brought little domestic happiness. Her husband, afterward King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, was then Lieutenant-General in the Prussian army, commanding the Corps of Guards. His tastes were military, and he was fond of the camp and campaigns. For the literary life and surroundings that his wife loved he had small sympathy. When, at the death of Frederick William, in 1861, her husband ascended the throne of Prussia, she fulfilled in the most gracious manner the duties of the court ceremonial, and scrupulously performed the exacting social duties required of the Queen; but she found her greatest happiness in the company of her children, Frederick, afterward the Emperor of Germany, and Louise, who in 1856 was married to the Grand Duke of Baden. She devoted herself untiringly to the performance of her domestic and religious duties, and through her whole life was devoted to the interests of the German people.

At the outbreak of the German war with France she left Coblentz, which she loved, and where she had resided for twenty years, and took up her residence in Berlin. She was prominent in every undertaking for the relief of the wounded and sick soldiers, and was deeply interested in the struggle. Her husband wrote to her often from the field of war, and some of his letters to her became public and famous. She was his companion in his final triumph, and he died holding her hand. She was called on to watch the sad illness of the German Emperor Frederick, and to see him die. After these bereavements she led a retired life of great privacy, but to the last she was the unostentatious and liberal dispenser of many charities, and she was the companion and helper of her daughter-in-law the Dowager Empress Frederick in her philanthropic efforts to raise the condition of women in Germany.

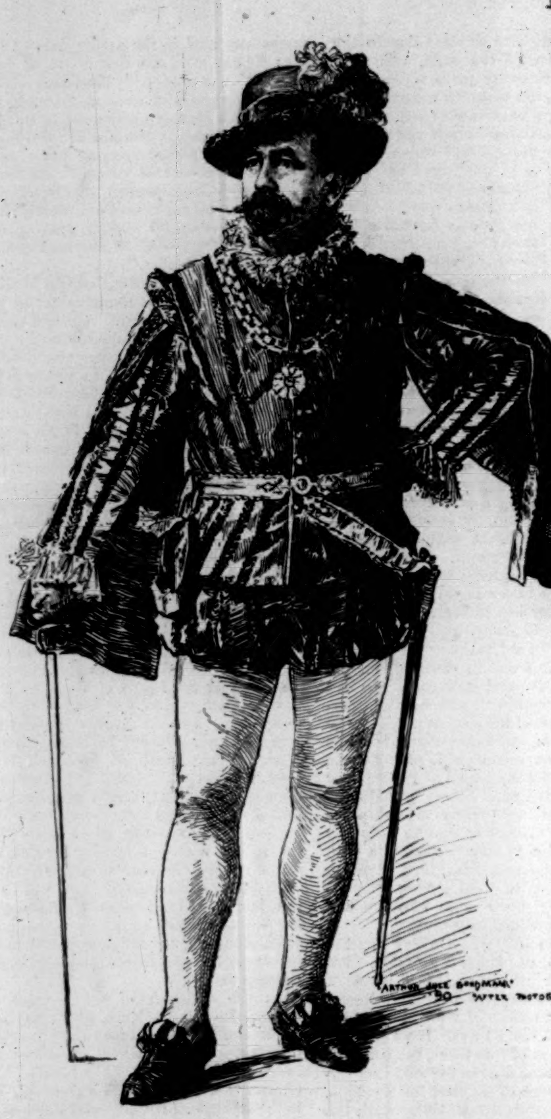
In her memory the streets of Berlin were draped, and the court festivities, which had been resumed after the expiration of the period of mourning for the Emperor Frederick, have been abandoned. The Emperor has ordered that the court go into mourning for three months, has fixed a period for general mourning at six weeks, and has ordered that the theatres and other places of amusement be closed for a week.

CALVIN STEWART BRICE, OF OHIO.

CALVIN STEWART BRICE, whose nomination on Thursday by the caucus of the Democratic members of the Ohio Legislature is equivalent to his election as United States Senator to succeed Henry B. Payne, was born in Denmark, Ohio, on September 17, 1845. His education was gained at first in the public schools of his native town; later he attended school at Lima, Ohio; and in 1858 entered the preparatory classes of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.

In April, 1861, although only fifteen years old, he left college for the army, and served in the Virginia campaigns of 1861–2. He then returned to college, graduating with distinction in June, 1863. A year later he organized Company E of the 180th Ohio Infantry, and went with his regiment to join the Twenty-third Army Corps in Tennessee, Georgia, and the Carolinas. He was promoted Major on the field for personal bravery. The war ended just before he received his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel, to which rank he had been promoted, so that he was mustered out still a Major.

After the war he entered the Law School of Michigan University, graduating in 1866. At Cincinnati he was at once admitted to practice at the bars of the United States and State courts. He turned his attention immediately to corporation law, and soon attained considerable distinction in his chosen field. This line of business gave him opportunity to become interested in various enterprises of magnitude and importance. About ten years ago he came to this city as counsel for the Lake Erie and Western Railroad, and shortly thereafter relinquished the practice of the law to devote himself more closely to railroad development and to give personal supervision to his other interests. In 1887 he was elected President of the Lake Erie and Western Railroad; he is also interested largely in many other railroads, among them the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis (the "Nickel Plate Road"), the Richmond and West Point Terminal, Duluth,

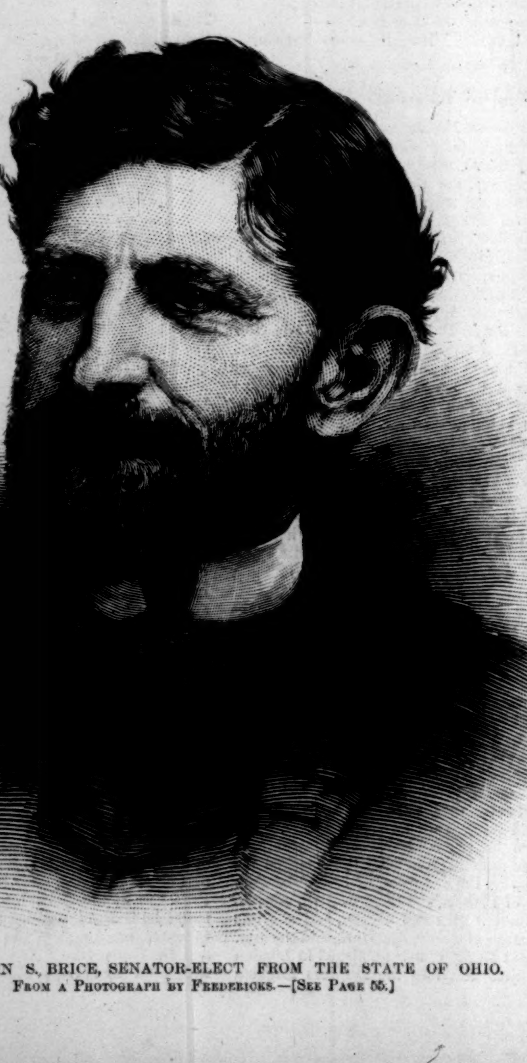


MR. WARD McALLISTER AS THE COUNT DE LA NOLLE, LOVER OF MARGUERITE OF VALOIS.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 51.]

South Shore, and Atlantic Railroad, of which he is Vice-President.

Mr. Brice has always been a Democrat, and has taken great interest in State and national politics, hitherto without either expectation or desire of preferment. He has been a delegate to almost every county, district, and State convention in Ohio since the war. In 1876, in 1880, and in 1884 he was on the Democratic electoral tickets, and in 1888 he was a delegate at large to the Democratic National Convention in St. Louis, elected by the largest vote ever cast. In winter Mr. Brice lives in this city, his home being at No. 693 Fifth Avenue; in summer he goes with his family to a "cottage" at Newport. Mr. Brice is a hard worker, and though his office hours are short he accomplishes a great amount of work in them. He is fond of art, and has collected a number of valuable paintings; his library, also, is a good one. He is fond of entertaining, talks well, and is not niggardly of his mind.

Although Mr. Brice is certain of election as Senator from Ohio, it is possible that a contest may arise as to his right to take his seat in March, 1891. He lives in New York, although he maintains a legal residence in Ohio. The Constitution, however, provides that "no person shall be a Senator.... who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State for which he shall be chosen"; and the decision of his eligibility is to be determined by the Senate, whereof the political complexion is Republican. Should Mr. Brice be unseated, he will be in company with Albert Gallatin, the only other Senator declared ineligible under the Constitution of the United States.



HON. CALVIN S. BRICE, SENATOR-ELECT FROM THE STATE OF OHIO. From a Photograph by Fredericks.—[See Page 55.]

MONEY, TREASURY, AND CONGRESS.

The return to ease in the money market at the close of Friday last proved to be genuine. On Monday, when the first new loans since Friday were made, the rates were 6 and 7 per cent.; and since then money on call may be quoted 5 and 6, with lower rates not infrequent toward the close of the day. It seems reasonable, after what has been seen, to believe that the spasmodic rates of the end of December and beginning of January would have been entirely prevented if Secretary Windom had disbursed his January interest the day after Christmas. This might have been done as well as not, to the great relief of a money market in which preparations for January disbursements are notoriously larger in comparison with the amount of material on hand. If the Treasury funds were in bank, matters would go more easily; but they are kept in the Treasury vaults, and therefore the Secretary is bound to do his best for the convenience of the community which his collections have depleted of currency; particularly as he has ample authority for prepayment.

The call which Secretary Windom made at the end of November upon national bank depositories for 10 per cent. of their Treasury deposits was made to mature January 15th, and was to be followed by other calls from time to time. Considerably more than the prescribed amount of security bonds have been sold to the Treasury in settlement of deposits, and the first call has been in that respect a success. It is not clear whether it has been as successful in reducing deposits all round, and for that reason, as well as because of the nearness of January 15th, there is some anxiety as to the next call which Mr Windom may issue. The best course open to him is to ignore the subject altogether and call in no more of the deposits, since they are the means of mitigating the severity of the independent Treasury system. But there is no reason why he should not require interest on his deposits in all cases where he does not receive from the depository bank some service which repays the Treasury for the use of its deposits, and this course would tend directly to facilitate his purchases of bonds. The matter to be kept always in view is the damage inflicted upon the community by the locking up of large amounts of its money in the Treasury vaults—the only example of a really idle hoard now remaining in the modern world. So far as the law authorizes the Secretary to employ the Treasury resources to relieve the community by purchase of bonds and by deposits in banks, so far he will be held accountable for the use of his power. Beyond that the remedies lie with Congress.

Now the purchases of bonds by the Treasury are very good evidence of the surplus income of the government, since under our system they absorb the greater part of it. As everybody knows, there is a Sinking Fund for the reduction of the bonded debt; but it does not seem to be generally known that for many years past the total of bonds purchased and cancelled has far exceeded the requirements of the Sinking Fund. Secretary Morrill called attention to this in 1876, showing that although occasionally the purchases of a year were below the Sinking Fund requirements of that year, yet the total of purchases was greatly in excess. From the manner in which he stated the facts, it seems that he considered them an argument in favor of reducing taxation. But the official view has been that expressed by Secretary Folger in 1882, namely, that there was a deficit in the Sinking Fund every time that a year's purchases were smaller than that year's requirements. Surely it is time that another view prevailed, and that Congress declared the Sinking Fund full for the number of years covered by the present excess of purchases over the aggregate requirements of the Sinking Fund. Senator Beck has introduced a bill to suspend the Sinking Fund law until further order of Congress, and states the present excess of purchases of bonds at 716 millions.

This means that bonds enough have been paid off to satisfy the Sinking Fund for fifteen years to come. The wonder is not that such a bill is introduced now, but that the law was not suspended long ago. If Congress realized, as a matter of plain business aside from political feeling, how enormously this people has been mulcted to buy bonds in excess of any legal needs and at fancy prices, it would surely call a halt in this wasteful business. As the revenues of the government now run, bonds have to be bought at the rate of 100 millions a year; more than twice what is called for by the Sinking Fund, even if that requirement were not already more than satisfied. What will become of Senator Beck's bill it is impossible to say; the preamble of it contains much that is not necessary to its purpose, and perhaps the process of amendment may destroy the measure. But he deserves credit for attempting to suspend the Sinking Fund law, and the attention of Congress and of the whole country ought to be called to the subject. It is plain that no bonds are wanted for fifteen years to come; and just as plain that bonds will continue to be bought, and perhaps at still higher prices, unless the government's income is radically cut down. It looks as if 100 millions of taxes ought to be struck off, for that is what it means now to stop buying bonds, aside from any question of current expenditures. The bonds would take care of themselves, and the 4½ per cents. maturing next year would be eagerly renewed at a material reduction in the rate of interest.

No better service to the country can be done at this time than to call attention to this matter of the Sinking Fund. A bill to suspend its operation ought to be introduced also in the House, and it would be a great public gain if two such bills were introduced—one by a Republican and one by a Democrat. The subject is worthy of the leading men on both sides of the House. There will be plenty of Congressmen to maintain the narrow view—the view hitherto held by officials and tacitly accepted by others—that the Sinking Fund requirement must remain a yearly requirement, no matter how much it has been exceeded in the aggregate. But there is room for leaders who shall demand that the people receive the benefit of their sacrifices, and be relieved from burdens that are now absolutely useless. It is hoped that Mr. Lincoln's celebrated phrase was true of his own country, and that this is a government "of the people, for the people, by the people." Let the people's representatives do something to justify this hope, and take this decisive step to relieve the people of a great and unnecessary burden. Henry J. Macdonald.

New York, Friday evening, *January* 10, 1890.

WAKED UP EFFECTUALLY.

A lethargic, dormant condition of the liver is hardly to be overcome with drastic cathartics and nauseous cholagogues. A gentler, pleasanter, and far more effective means exists of arousing the organ when somnolent. This is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, vouched for by the medical fraternity, tested by the public for many years. A resumption by the biliary organ of its secretive function, with the activity attendant upon health, a return to regularity of the bowels, and a renewal of digestion, are the no less happy and certain results of using the Bitters systematically. Its laxative effect is never painful and drenching, its tendency being rather to perpetuate regularity than to produce a copious action. Malaria, nervousness, debility, kidney troubles, and neuralgia it subdues effectually.—[*Adv.*]

Pierre, the Capital of South Dakota, is its geographical centre and on the Missouri River. It has water-works, electric lights, street railway, brick business houses, fine hotels, three brick schoolhouses, Presbyterian University, U. S. Indian Industrial School, seven churches, and many other attractions. No place offers better opportunities for investment in lots, farm lands, and investment securities. For specific information, address Palmer & Crabtree, Pierre, South Dakota.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

THE VOICE.

Those who overtax the voice in singing or public speaking will find "Brown's Bronchial Troches" exceedingly useful, enabling them to endure more than ordinary exertion with comparative ease, while they render articulation clear. For Throat Diseases and Coughs they are a simple yet effective remedy.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Do not use any of the so-called tonics when you can obtain a pure extract of malt by the use of Nicholson's Liquid Bread, which is not an experiment, but an established success.—[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP Prevents and cures chapped hands. 25 cts.—[*Adv.*]

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists.—[*Adv.*]

Secure a sound mind, which seldom goes without sound digestion, by using Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Weak eyes and inflamed lids indicate an impure condition of the blood. The best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It vitalizes the blood, regulates the secretions, and expels all scrofulous humors from the system. Try it. Price $1. Worth $5 a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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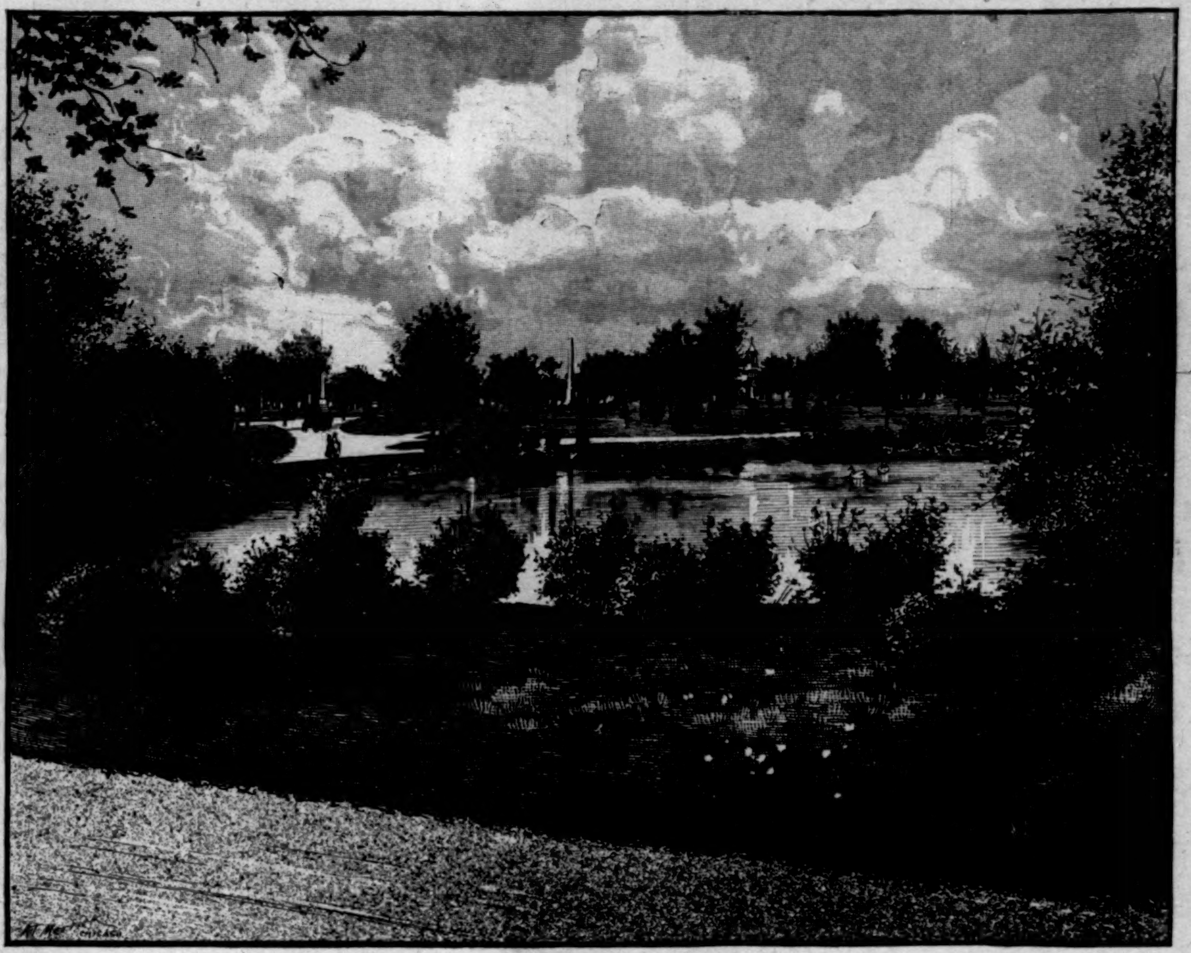
CHICAGO SUPPLEMENT.

GRACELAND.

Mr. Robinson, in his book entitled *The Parks and Gardens of Paris*, says that the Americans are the only people who bury their dead decently and beautifully.

To Mr. Strauch the beauty of modern cemeteries is largely due. The Western cities are especially fortunate from the fact that they were brought more directly under Mr. Strauch's influence, and perhaps this influence is shown in no place more fully than at Graceland Cemetery in Chicago. This cemetery is of especial interest to lovers of trees and park-like effects, on account of its showing what can be done in a few years on land originally destitute of trees and natural beauty. The banks of the lakes have been quite largely planted with native trees and shrubs that have been brought from the outlying country districts. The red dog-wood has proven itself particularly useful, giving charming effects of color in winter as well as in summer. A great variety of trees have been planted, ranging in size from the smallest seedling to an elm reaching sixty feet in height, and with branches spreading the same distance. This tree is nearly two and one-half feet in diameter, and was moved in an upright position, together with another elm six feet in circumference. We have yet to hear of a larger tree-moving operation than this. The chapel and receiving tomb in Graceland should be visited by all who are interested in buildings of this character. The former is what is known as a conservatory chapel, and although the idea of using decorative plants in cemetery chapels is not new, we believe that it has nowhere been carried out so successfully as at Graceland. In the character of its monuments this cemetery ranks favorably with the many beautiful cemeteries to be found near our larger cities.



GRACELAND CEMETERY.

E. L. CORTHELL,

Office 205 La Salle Street, has been engaged in the construction of railroads, bridges, dikes, and harbor improvements, notably the bridges over the Mississippi River at Hannibal and Louisiana, Mo. He was associated with the late James B. Eads in building the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi River, and he published a history of the jetties, which is recognized as authority on that subject. He was chief engineer on the construction of the N. Y., W. S. and B. Ry. between New York and Buffalo. He again joined Mr. Eads in his still greater work of a ship-railway across the American Isthmus in Mexico. He is still engaged on this work as the chief engineer, and a director of the company.

During a partnership of two years he and Mr. George S. Morison built the following bridges: At Sioux City, over the Missouri River, for the C., M. and N. Ry.; at Nebraska City, over the Missouri, for the C., B. and Q.; two large bridges in Oregon and Washington; and the Cairo Bridge, over the Ohio, for the Illinois Central. They were also engaged in the examination of railway properties and projects, and a variety of engineering work, as professional engineers, Mr. Corthell giving special attention to harbor and waterway improvements. He is now chief engineer of the Merchants' Bridge over the Mississippi at St. Louis. He has for two years acted as consulting engineer of the C., M. and N., and the A., T. and S. F. railroads, in enlarging their terminals in this city. He is chief engineer of the jetties at the mouth of the Brazos River, Texas. He has examined and made plans for the harbor improvements at Tampico, Mexico, for the Mexican Central Railroad. He has been engaged in making surveys, plans, and estimates for a terminal railway and bridge over the Mississippi at New Orleans. Also for the inside waterway along the east coast of Florida, from St. Augustine to Biscayne Bay.

Mr. Corthell is vice-president of the American Society of Civil Engineers, president of the Western Society, member of the Philadelphia and Boston societies, of the Institution of Civil Engineers of Great Britain, of the French Society of Civil Engineers, and is a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He is now chairman of the Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Committee of the World's Fair.

GEO. S. MORISON,

whose New York office is at 35 Wall Street, has his head-quarters in Chicago in the Rookery. He has, as chief engineer, designed and constructed the Plattsmouth, Bismarck, Blair, Rulo, Omaha, Nebraska City, and Sioux City bridges across the Missouri River, and the bridge across the Ohio at Cairo, Illinois. He is now, as chief engineer, constructing the bridge across the Mississippi at Memphis, besides other important works at various places from Oregon to Florida.

SAMUEL G. ARTINGSTALL, C.E.,

Mem. Am. Soc. of C. E., Asso. Mem. I. of C. E., past pres. W. S. of C. E., 28 Rialto Building, has been employed in the engineering department of the city from 1869 until 1888, and for several years, as chief engineer in this capacity, he has designed and had charge of the construction of all bridges and viaducts in the city, and has superintended the construction of the West Side Water-works, the additions to the North Side Works, and designed the extension of the works, including the tunnel now being built four miles under Lake Michigan, with inlet cribs, etc., and is still connected with this work. He is engaged in general engineering practice, and is now rebuilding and lowering Washington Street Tunnel, and building the tunnel under the river near Van Buren Street which will pass under a number of large and important buildings, and is one of the most difficult pieces of work now in progress in the city. Is engineer for tunnel five thousand feet long under Lake Michigan, in Lake View. He is also building several bridges and viaducts in this city and elsewhere.

THE FITZ SIMONS & CONNELL CO.

Charles Fitz Simons, President of the contracting corporation of Fitz Simons & Connell, comes from the Empire State of New York. In 1866, shortly after the war, he was associated with the engineering and constructing firm of Ledlie, Corse & Co. Upon the retirement of this firm, which completed a large number of the bridges on the Union Pacific Railroad, the Fitz Simons & Connell Co. took up the same line of business, and has, in a satisfactory manner, constructed many of our most difficult public works, among which may be mentioned the Fullerton Avenue Conduit, the protection to the Water-works Crib, the Shore Inlet Crib, some three thousand feet of the Lincoln Park Breakwater, also the substructure for all of our double track bridges built thus far. They are at present engaged on the outer four-mile crib, one of the largest, if not the very largest, works of its kind in the world. The rebuilding of the La Salle Street Tunnel is another of the difficult and extensive works this company is engaged on, in addition to their regular operations in dredging and dock-building.

JOHN A. COLE, C.E.,

69 Ashland Block, Municipal and Sanitary Engineering. A student in the office of Thomas Doane, C.E., of Boston, 1857–60; afterward, for two years, in hydraulic work in Massachusetts. During the war directed the expenditure of over three millions of dollars in the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James as General Field Agent, U. S. C. C. Located in Chicago in 1872. Has constructed and designed systems of sewerage and water-works in many cities in the United States and Canada. Has made a large number of reports, as expert, upon properties of corporations, gas-works, water-works, city railways, etc., aggregating many millions of dollars, within the past two years.

BENEZETTE WILLIAMS.

The works most affecting the health and comfort of the general public which it devolves upon engineers to execute are those belonging to hydraulic engineering, inclusive of sewerage and water supply. In this branch, Benezette Williams, 171 La Salle Street, is widely and favorably known. He began his professional career with a training among the best offered by the engineering schools of the country, and after serving in a subordinate capacity for some years, held in turn the office of Engineer of Sewerage and City Engineer of Chicago, and has since designed and executed many systems of sewerage and water-works throughout the country, including those of Pullman.

He was also a member of the Commission which recommended the drainage project, which has been embodied in an act creating the Chicago Sanitary District, and is now engaged to design and construct water-works for Seattle, Washington.

He is a member, and past president, of the Western Society of Engineers, and is Chairman of the Association of Engineering Societies.

M. E. SCHMIDT.

The phenomenal growth of Chicago has induced this well-known civil engineer to establish himself quite recently at 1138 the Rookery Building. In attending to the engineering and contracting for all classes of public works in this city and other parts of the United States, Mr. Schmidt will be associated with the best talent that can be procured, and give special attention to exposition matters, drainage, rapid transit, the construction and examination of railways, and the improvement of rivers and harbors. He will also investigate projects in Mexico, Central and South America. Mr. Schmidt was chief assistant engineer of Captain Eads's famous jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi, and has since constructed in Mexico one of the most difficult railways on the American continent.

WADE & PURDY,

Civil and Mechanical Engineers, are making a specialty of iron and steel construction in buildings. Mr. Wade has designed and erected several large ones in Milwaukee and Kansas City. Mr. Purdy was formerly connected with Eastern mills and shops. They designed the iron-work for Rand & McNally's and Caxton buildings, Chicago, also designed the power plant of Denver Tram-way Company. Both are members of Western Society of Engineers, and of American Society of Civil Engineers. They designed and built the Union Avenue station for the Kansas City Cable Company, have large experience in their line, and have bright prospects at this time for extensive contracts. Mr. Purdy was formerly City Engineer of Eau Claire, Wis., and for some years connected with C., M., and St. P. Railway.

GENERAL WM. SOOY SMITH.

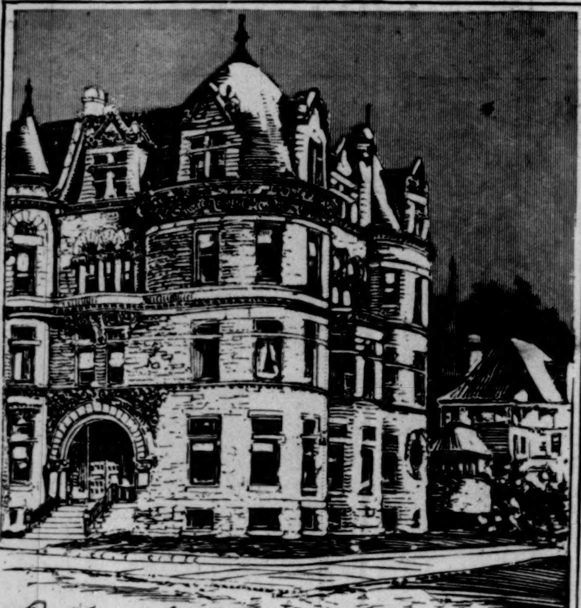
One of the most experienced and distinguished is General Wm. Sooy Smith; office, 652 Rookery. Born at Tarlton, Ohio, in 1830, he was graduated at the Ohio University, and afterward at West Point. He came to Chicago in 1854, and at once became engaged in designing and constructing many bold and difficult engineering works, such as great bridges, tunnels, lighthouses, and all kinds of hazardous under-water work. He has invented and successfully applied many new and valuable processes and devices for doing such works, and he and his son are now introducing the freezing process for consolidating quicksand and other soft materials, making it practicable to work in these materials as easily and safely as if they were solid rock. *He built the first bridge of steel, and proved its superiority over all other materials for bridge building.* In the fulness of his professional reputation, he is still engaged in carrying out many great undertakings and works with unabated energy.

E. LEE HEIDENREICH & CO.,

99–101 Metropolitan Block, Chicago. This enterprising firm of Consulting Engineers and Contractors make the planning and erection of grain elevators their specialty, and comprise the only concern in Chicago building farmers' or railway station elevators (of capacities from 10,000 bushels upwards). They not only confine themselves to elevators in this country, but have furnished plans and special machinery for elevators in foreign countries, especially Russia. Among elevators built by the firm this season are: for Duane & Co., and Chas. Patrick, at Macomb, Ill., S. W. Allerton, at Galesville, Ill., all of 25,000 bushels, Heidenreich system; and for W. C. Fuhrer & Co., Mount Vernon, Ind., a 75,000 bushels cleaning-elevator. They are now building a 200,000 bushels cleaning house for Chas. Counselman & Co., Chicago, and another of 75,000 bushels for the Rock Island road at Kansas City, Mo.

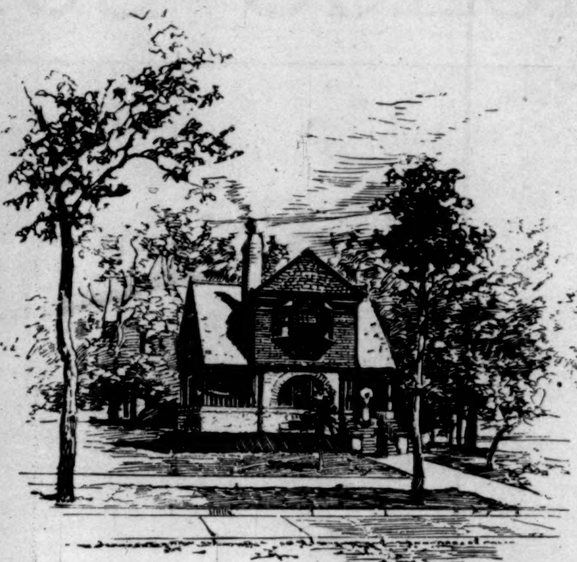
CHARLES L. STROBEL,

205 La Salle Street, is chief engineer of the Keystone Bridge Company, one of the oldest and largest bridge-building establishments in the country, and consulting engineer of Carnegie, Phipps & Co. (Ld.), and of Carnegie Bros. & Co. (Ld.). The former of these two firms are the leading manufacturers of iron and steel constructional material, and the latter are the well-known manufacturers of steel rails. All three are Pittsburg concerns, and the importance of Chicago is well illustrated by the fact that these large establishments have their principal engineering representative a resident of the latter city. Mr. Strobel is a past director of the American Society of Civil Engineers, and a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers of Great Britain, and other engineer societies.

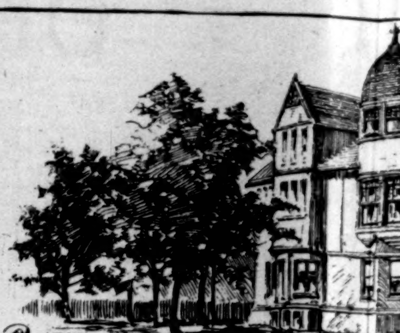


Residence of H. A. Spaulding.

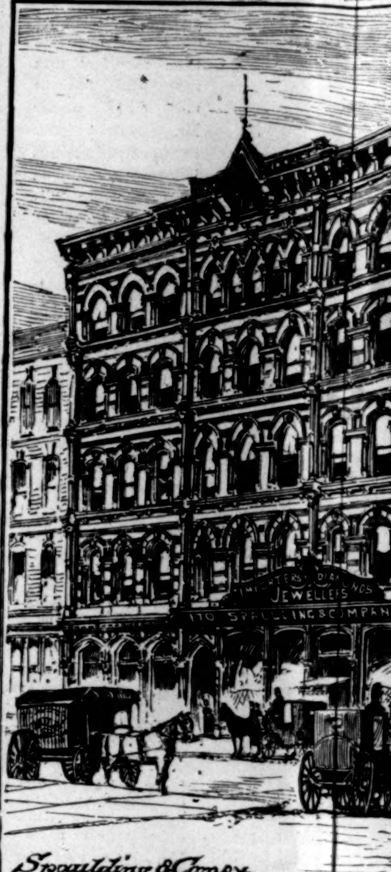
C. M. Palmer, ARCHITECT.



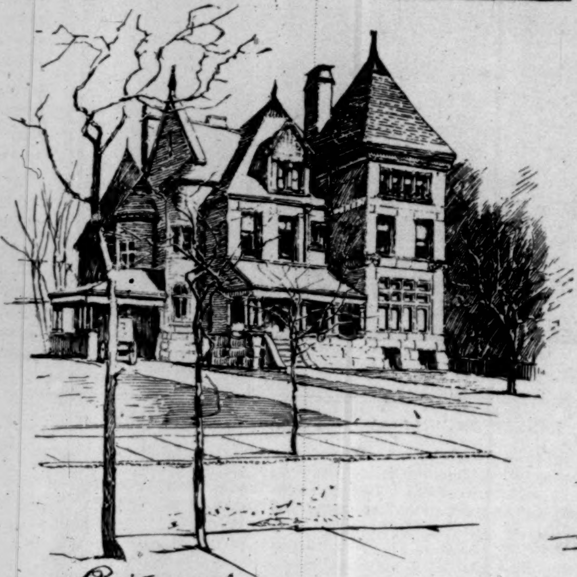
Residence of J. L. Cochran.
EDGEWATER.



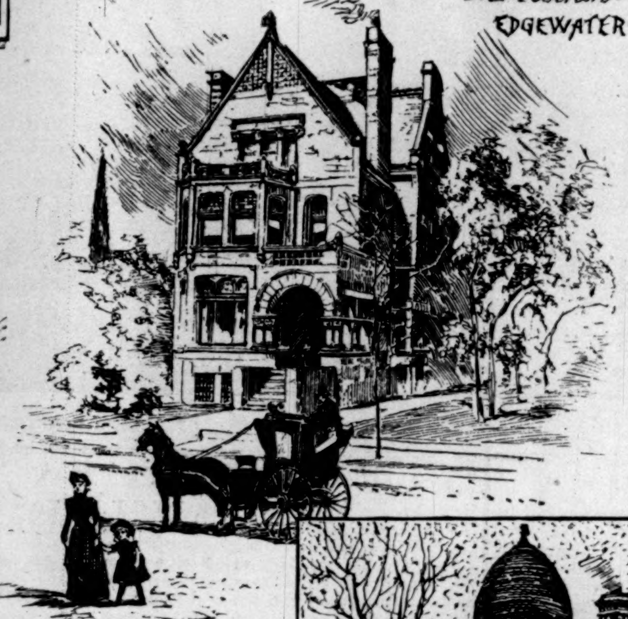
Residence of J. G. Hammerer



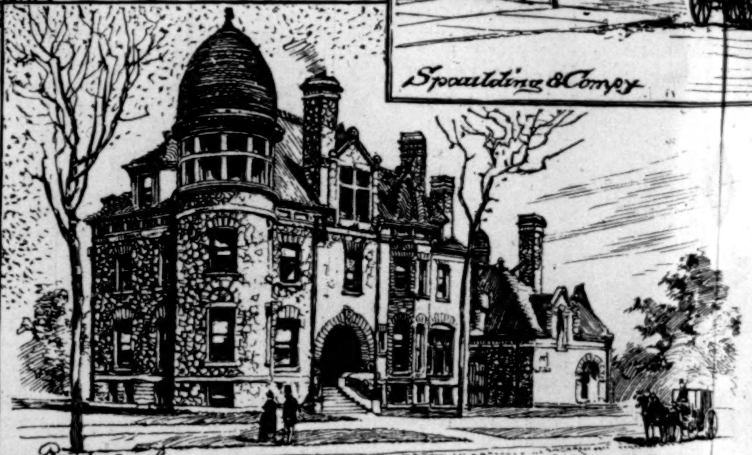
Spaulding & Compy.



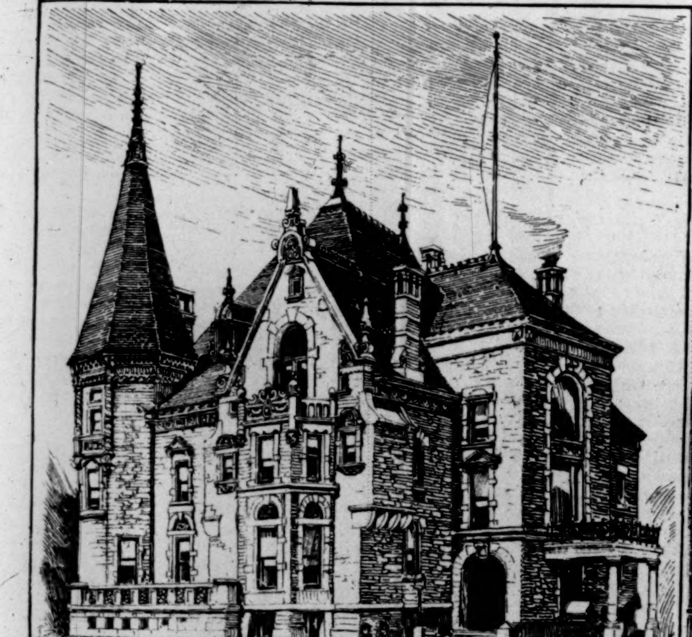
Residence of J. G. McWilliams.



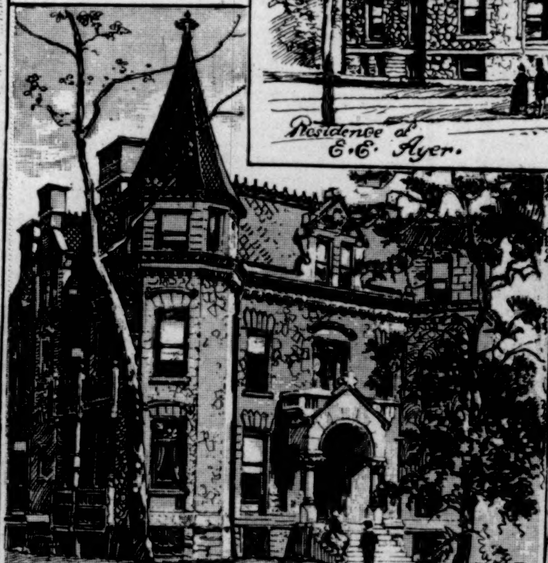
Residence of Wm. A. Giles.
Architect W. W. Clay.



Residence of E. E. Ayer.

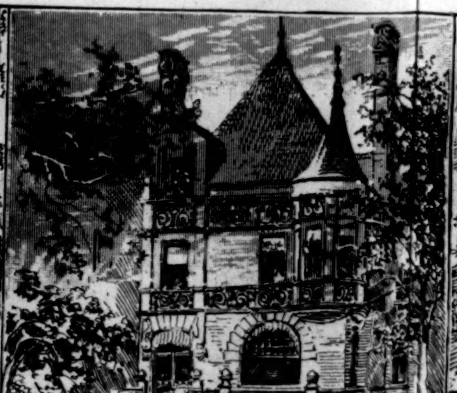


Residence of Conrad Seipp.



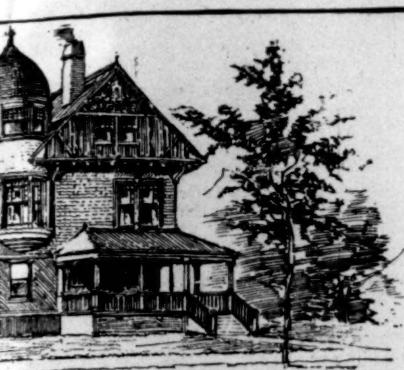
L. G. Hallberg, ARCHITECT.

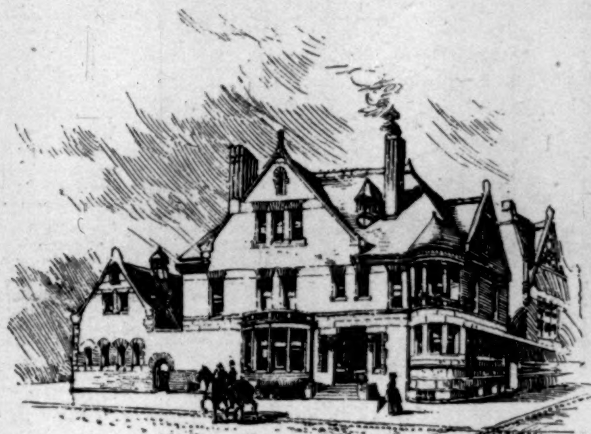
Residence of Robt. Lindblom.



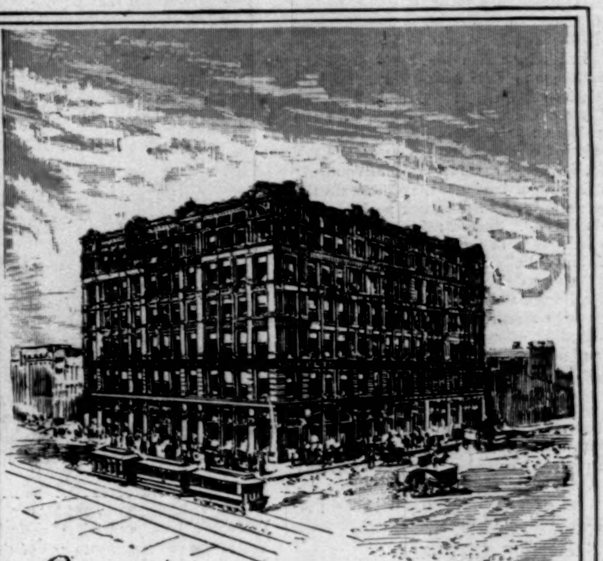
Residence of F. G. Logan.

SOME PROMINENT RESIDENCES AND B

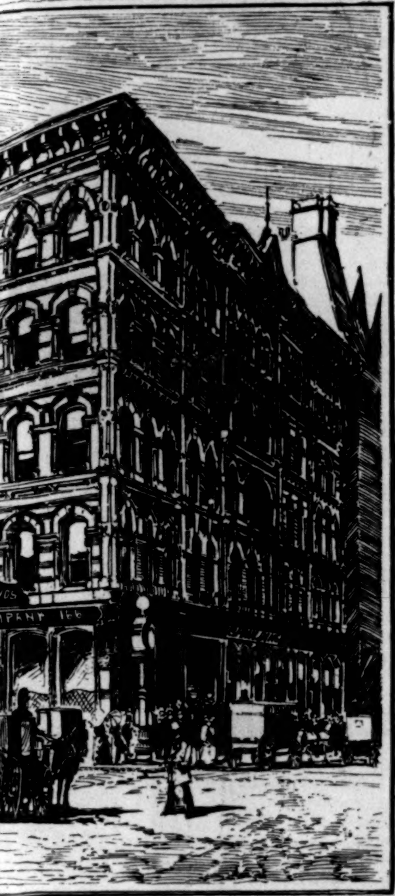


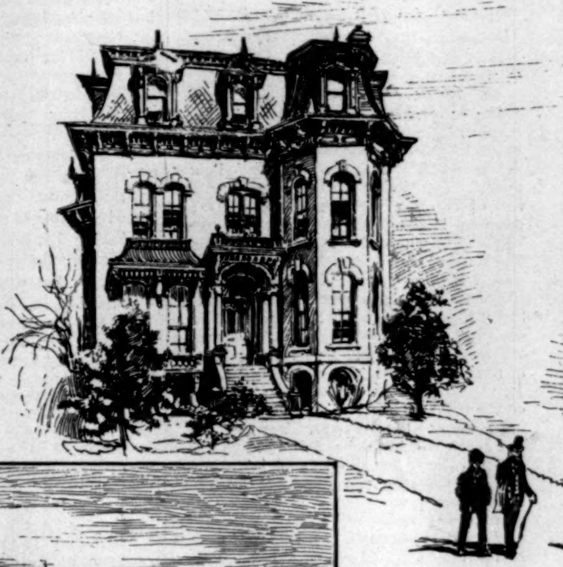


Residence of
Genl. Walter C. Newbury.

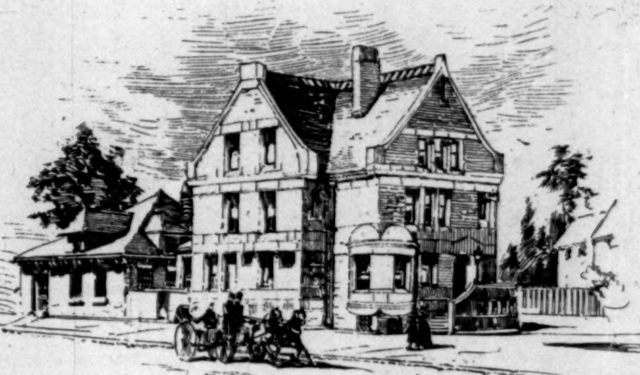


Ryerson Building.
O. W. Richardson & Co.
J. Rosenthal & Co.
Carson, Pirie & Co
Janeway & Co.

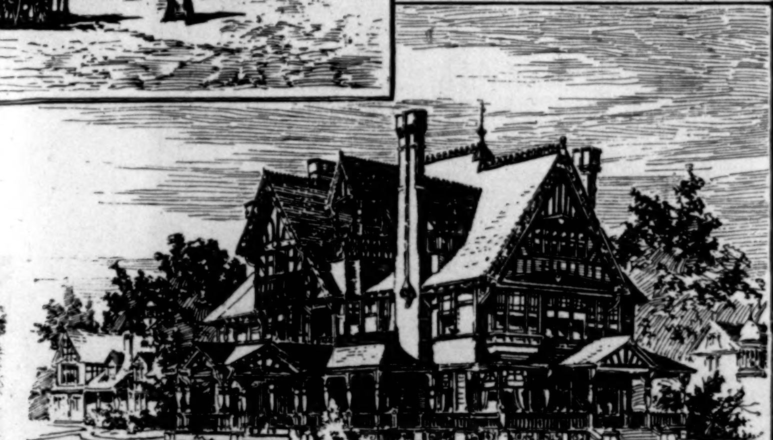




Residence of
Wm. H. Rand.

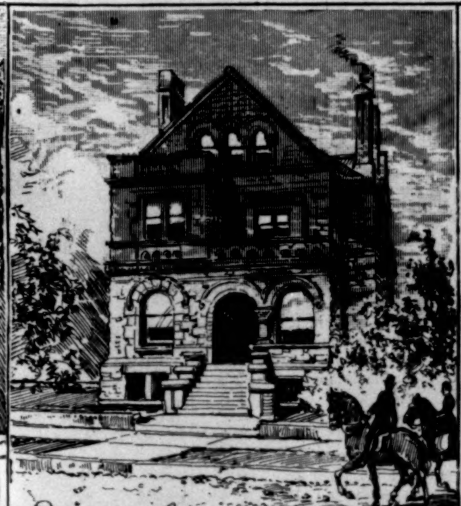


Residence of
Thos. A. Wright.



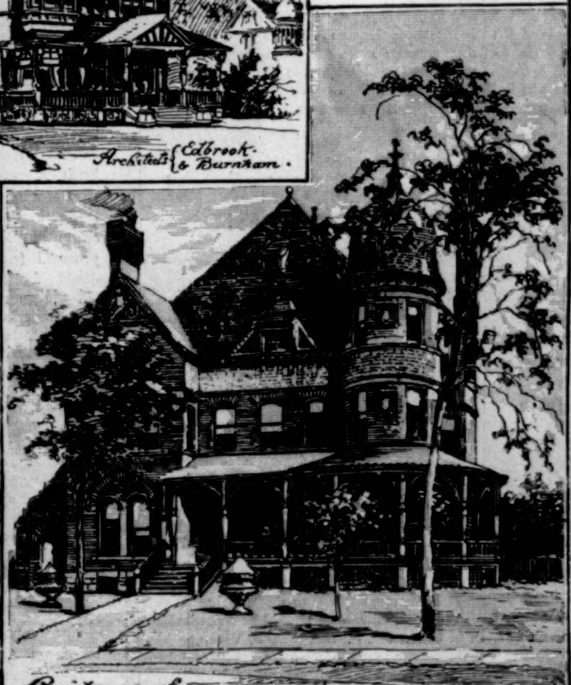
Residence of
J. B. Kirk.

Architects { Edbrook
& Burnham.

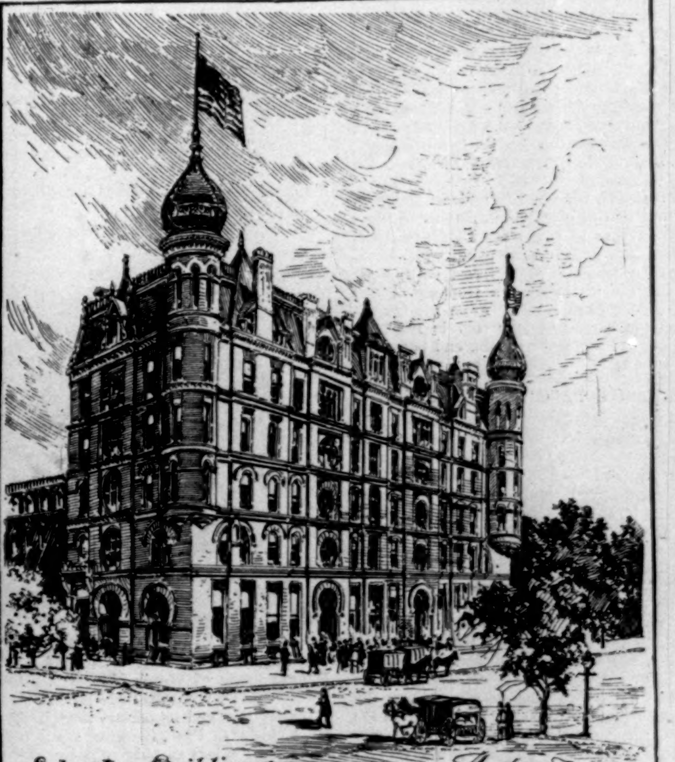


Residence of
Wm. J. Watson.

Architects
Treat & Foltz



Residence of
A. Schmitt.



Laboratory Building of
H. E. Bucklen & Co.

Hughson Hawley

D BUSINESS BUILDINGS IN CHICAGO.

THE GREELEY-CARLSON COMPANY,

Room 834, Opera House Block, is widely known as city and county surveyors. The foundation of their business was laid in 1854 by Mr. Samuel S. Greeley. In 1882 the firm of S. S. Greeley & Co. was organized, who were succeeded in 1884 by Greeley, Carlson & Co., and in March, 1887, the Greeley-Carlson Co. was incorporated, with the following officers: pres., Samuel S. Greeley; vice-pres., Frederick Greeley; treas., Gustaf. H. Carlson; sec'y, Sylvester K. Howard. This company make a specialty of land work, and execute the largest percentage of all the work performed in this line in the city. Special reference should be made to their work in the erection of the new Board of Trade building, the Home Insurance building, the new Chicago Auditorium building, the Palmer House, and the Grand Pacific Hotel. They have also recently published an atlas of Chicago, showing every lot, block, street, alley, railroad, and dock within the city limits, and giving full dimensions and position, and have also for sale their valuable atlases and maps of Hyde Park, Evanston, Lake, and other suburban towns. Mr. S. S. Greeley was born in the city of Boston, and came to Chicago thirty-five years ago. He has had a practical experience of forty years as a surveyor, is a member of the Northwestern Society of Engineers, and pre-eminent in his profession in this section of the country.

GEORGE A. FULLER,

Room 1123 Rookery Building, one of the largest contractors and builders in the city. During the past seven years Mr. Fuller has built some of the largest and most perfect of Chicago's large buildings. The Tacoma, the Caxton, the Pontiac, the Rand & McNally, and the Monadnock are of his construction, and have cost an outlay of three and a half millions of dollars. One of his largest and most unique creations is the Monadnock, which is of steel construction, seventeen stories in height, requiring about six thousand tons of steel, and which will be the largest office building in the world.

E. F. GOBEL,

Mason, Builder, and General Contractor, 179 Washington Street, makes a specialty of Government work, and is engaged on the Custom-house in Minneapolis and the Chicago Post-office.

CONRAD SEIPP BREWING CO.

On five acres of land at the foot of Twenty-seventh Street, overlooking Lake Michigan, is located the plant of the Conrad Seipp Brewing Co., incorporated in 1876—Conrad Seipp, President; William C. Seipp, Vice-president; T. J. Lefens, Secretary, and I. A. Orb, Manager, and Superintendent of the West Side Brewery, located at Paulina and Augusta streets. These two form one of the largest and most perfectly appointed plants in the country, brewing during 1889 over three hundred thousand barrels of beer.

The Conrad Seipp Salvator Export has more than a national reputation, and for a light beer none is equal to their Extra Pale Pilsener. During the past year the company has placed on the market a new brand, called Muenchner Hof Brau, which has become popular throughout the West.

The company employs 300 hands in the breweries, malt-houses, and elevators.

THE WACKER & BIRK BREWING CO.,

from Nos. 161 to 181 N. Desplaines Street, is one of the largest in Chicago.

Away back in 1854 there arrived in Chicago from Germany Mr. Jacob Birk, who had become a master of the art of brewing in the father-land. Associating himself with Mr. Frederick Wacker, the firm of Wacker & Birk was established, and their brand of beer soon became widely known. In 1882 the business had outgrown all its old bounds, and it was decided to incorporate it as a company under the laws of the State of Illinois, the incorporators being Mr. Frederick Wacker, who has since died, Mr. Jacob Birk, and Mr. Charles H. Wacker.

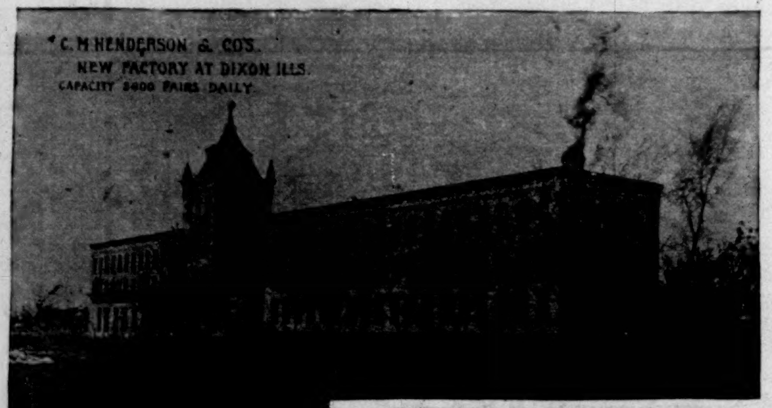
Mr. Charles H. Wacker is a native Chicagoan, being born in this city some thirty-three years ago. From year to year since 1882 new buildings have been added to the plant. The elevators have a frontage of 150 feet on Indiana Street, and the malt-houses a frontage of 350 feet on N. Jefferson Street. From the twenty-five thousand barrels of beer sold in 1882, the output has run up to ninety thousand barrels in the past year.

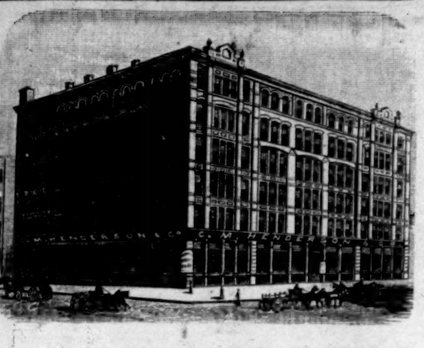
A. BOOTH PACKING COMPANY.

"The largest shippers by express in the world."—*Chicago Herald.*

"Largest packers of oysters, fish, and canned goods in America."—*New York World.*

This world-famed establishment was started in Chicago in 1850 by Mr. Alfred Booth, with a capital of a very few dollars and with the aid of a single assistant, while to-day it has twenty-one branch houses, extending from Baltimore to Astoria, Oregon, and from Duluth to New Orleans; has in its employ five thousand men, in addition to those engaged in manning its fleet of boats on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, Gulf of Mexico, and Lakes Michigan and Superior, employing a capital of over a million dollars. The immense oyster and shrimp packing-houses at New Orleans, with the extensive salmon canneries on the Columbia River, Oregon, and the mammoth oyster, fruit, and vegetable packing-houses in Baltimore, verify the newspaper expressions quoted above. The sales of the "Oval" brand of fresh oysters packed by this company exceed those of any other five brands in the United States; and equally in demand are its celebrated "Oval" brand of peaches, peas, salmon, shrimp, and Cove oysters, the "Black Diamond" brand of salmon and Cove oysters, and the "Old Honesty" brand of Cove oysters.





C. M. HENDERSON & CO.,

Extensive boot and shoe manufacturers. The above cut represents one of their three Western factories and their distributing warehouse and salesroom in Chicago. They have achieved a wonderful record on their "Red School-house" shoe for children; their $2.50 shoe for ladies, and a men's custom-made fine calf shoe, to retail at $3.00, in connection with other meritorious lines manufactured by them.

LOCKWOOD & KIMBALL

Make a specialty of American and English enamelled brick, which is in such demand, not only for ornamental purposes, but for the building of courts of large buildings.

The yards and warehouses are at Twenty-fifth Street, on the Lake, and directly on the line of the Illinois Central, Michigan Central, and Baltimore and Ohio railways, thus having direct connection with all sections of the country.

This firm was established in 1864, and represents the largest of pressed brick manufacturers, including the hydraulic pressed brick companies of St. Louis, Collinsville, and Findlay, Ohio, of whose output they make a specialty, and of which they have sold ten millions in the past few months.

THE COLD BLAST FEATHER CO.

Very few know, when they lay their head on the soft downy pillow at night, that they are indebted for the luxury to the Cold Blast Feather Co. of Chicago, whose plant extends from 56 to 66 West Van Buren Street, which is one of the largest in America. The Cold Blast Feather Co. are manufacturers and dealers in all bedding supplies from excelsior to eider-down.

The company was established in 1882, and incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois in 1884, with Louis H. Everts, President, and Edward A. Everts, Secretary and Treasurer.

ELLIOTT MAHON & CO.

Prominent among the dealers in Chicago real estate is the firm of Elliott Mahon & Co., whose office is Room 42, 130 Dearborn Street. This firm offers to investors a choice line of mortgage loans bearing 6% interest. They make a specialty of placing non-resident money, and acting as trustees of the investment.

NELSON MORRIS & COMPANY.

In the issue of November 9th, 1889, the canned beef product of the above house was incorrectly stated, and should have read: "The canned beef product of the firm, of which 7,343,000 cans, each weighing from four to ten pounds, was the record last year, is shipped everywhere, and this year will reach approximately 1,000,000 cans a month," etc.

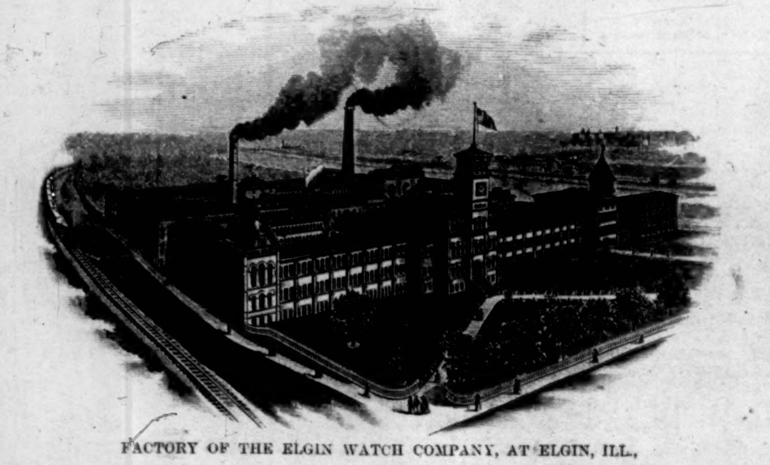
THE CHICAGO ARC-LIGHT AND POWER CO.

President, B. E. Sunny; Vice-president, Columbus R. Cummings; Secretary and Treasurer, C. H. Wilmerding. Capital, $1,000,000.

This company is operating over 2000 horse-power of electrical machinery, furnishing 1900 commercial arc-lights, 1000 incandescents, and about 125 horse-power to electric motors. It is distinguished for being the first electric light company to cope with and to solve the difficult problem of carrying high tension currents underground. It is operating successfully over fifty circuits, at a potential of 2500 volts, some as much as seven miles in length and underground throughout. The three Compound Condensing Williams Engines, of 500 horse-power each, at its Market Street Station have made the reputation of their designer, and are considered to be unsurpassed for electric-light work. A novel feature is the use of rope instead of belting throughout the station for the transmission of power, manilla being used on the large engines, and rawhide from the driving pulleys to the dynamos. The company uses and controls the conduits of the Chicago Sectional Electric Underground Co., containing nearly a hundred miles of duct, distributing from these main conduits by means of laterals to the excavated space under sidewalks. The electrical equipment is composed principally of Thomson-Houston apparatus, though the Ball, the Western Electric, and the Schuyler systems are also represented. It is an evidence of the growth and increase in Chicago's business that this company has within the past three months added 300 arc-lamps on its circuits in the commercial districts.

SPAULDING & CO.,

corner of State and Madison streets, Chicago, can now claim the largest and most thoroughly equipped jewelry house in America. Spaulding & Co., of Paris and New York, are now of Chicago, and their new home is second to none in the world. Gems, with not alone worth but historic interest; the rarest of bronzes; the creations of Jurgensen and Patek, Phillippe & Co.; Royal Worcester, Dresden, Sevres, Doulton, and Crown Derby Porcelains, are displayed in profusion, making this the rarest display in the West.



FACTORY OF THE ELGIN WATCH COMPANY, AT ELGIN, ILL.,

Manufacturers of Watch Movements, American Express Building. This representative Western industry was established in 1864. The present corporation, reorganized in 1865, has a capital stock of $2,000,000, and its officers are: Mr. T. M. Avery, President; Mr. J. W. Scoville, Vice-president; Mr. William G. Prall, Secretary; Mr. George Hunter, Superintendent of Works. The celebrated trade-mark goods of this company are the "B. W. Raymond," "H. H. Taylor," and the "G. M. Wheeler" movements. All other movements bear the name of the "Elgin National Watch Company." The Chicago general agency occupies an elegant suite of rooms, where President Avery and Mr. John M. Cutter, the General Agent, make their head-quarters. The company started out on a capital stock of $100,000, and the business has grown so rapidly as to distance all competitors. They sell only to the wholesale trade, and do an annual business of $3,000,000. Their works cover a superficial area of 175,000 feet, with a frontage of 552 feet, and a depth of 427 feet; employ 2700 hands, and turn out 2000 complete watch movements in forty-five different styles daily. The buildings are fitted up with every modern appliance and with finer machinery than any watch factory in the world, while its tools and general mechanism are wholly unsurpassed.

WILLIAM DEERING & CO.

The son of the pioneer who swung the cradle and scythe now drives his team afield, and with one of the reliable Deering binders or mowers accomplishes in a few hours what it would have taken his hardy ancestor days or even weeks to perform.

A few years ago binding grain by hand seemed to be a necessary feature of harvesting. To-day it is almost a primitive custom—a subject for the poet or painter. No greater revolution ever took place in farming than was effected when William Deering & Co. brought out the first successful twine binder. As they had been the first to introduce and popularize the hand-binding of grain on tables, and afterward the automatic binding of grain with wire, so in 1880 their twine self-binder was welcomed as the greatest triumph in the annals of harvesting machinery. In 1886 the substitution of steel for wood in this machine created a new departure in harvester building, and but strengthened the already admitted position of William Deering & Co. as the leaders in the manufacture of binders as well as of mowers, reapers, and binder twine.

A large measure of this firm's success is due to the fact that they make their own knives, castings, bolts, rivets, etc., and use only the best material procurable. They likewise own and operate a large twine factory, and in this respect stand alone among binder concerns. Of malleable and gray iron castings alone over 16,000 tons are annually produced by them and used in their machines. Less than thirty years ago the works consisted of a small two-story frame building located in an obscure Illinois town. From the date of their removal to Chicago, in 1880, they have been yearly spreading over a wider area, until the buildings and lumber yards embraced in the present plant occupy fully forty acres of ground, and constitute the best equipped establishment of its kind in the world, employing 3000 workmen. Over 4000 agents are kept busy selling and distributing Deering machines in every quarter of the globe.

HALLOWELL-BODWELL GRANITE CO.'S.

The late Governor Bodwell, of Maine, president of the above-named companies, observing the rapid growth of Chicago, foreseeing the undoubted certainty of a great building era there, and believing that granite as a building material would not only find favor with Western architects and owners, but would ultimately be in demand, established an office in this city some seven years ago, under the management of Mr. George F. Bodwell. The naming of the following structures erected by these firms in their material is proof that the people of Chicago have taken a stand on a par with those of Eastern cities in the selection of material for their finest buildings, and shows the energy and enterprise of the above-named firms. Their first contract was for the new Board of Trade Building; other office buildings followed this, viz., the Pullman, Counselman, Gaff, Home Insurance, and the Auditorium, Chicago; the Northwestern Mutual Life, Milwaukee; the Batavian Bank, La Crosse, Wis.; Iowa Loan and Trust Building, Des Moines, Iowa, and the Le Clede Bank, St. Louis, Mo.

The residence of Harlow N. Higenbotham, Esq., designed by Benling & Whitehouse, is constructed outside entirely of the Hallowell white granite, finely dressed and ornately carved, the clear, even white color of the stone harmonizing with the quiet dignity of the design. A little north of this, in process of erection, is a residence for R. T. Crane, Esq., of this same granite, Charles S. Frost, architect. One of the handsomest houses on the Lake Shore drive is that belonging to Major S. E. Barrett. W. L. B. Jenny, architect, desiring a light material for the exterior, regardless of cost, both the owner and architect gave the subject thorough investigation, and selected the Hallowell white granite.

P. F. PETTIBONE & CO.

(Successors to Brown, Pettibone & Co.), Wholesale and Retail Stationers, Printers, and Blank-book Manufacturers. Established in 1881 by men of long business experience in the stationery trade, the business soon attained a prominent position, and has experienced a steady and healthy growth. It occupies the four-story and basement double front building 80 and 82 Adams Street. The large and well-lighted salesroom on the first floor is well stocked with staple counting-house stationery. On the upper floors are the manufacturing departments, the chief of which are the printing-office and blank-book bindery. They give special attention to city demands, and are glad to open accounts with small as well as large consumers. "All stationery and printing supplies for operating or advertising a business" fairly defines the character and scope of their trade. They have a large trade with banks throughout the West, and an extensive trade in records, blanks, etc., with county and other public offices. They are the only Chicago manufacturers of the celebrated Philadelphia Flexible Back Blank-books.

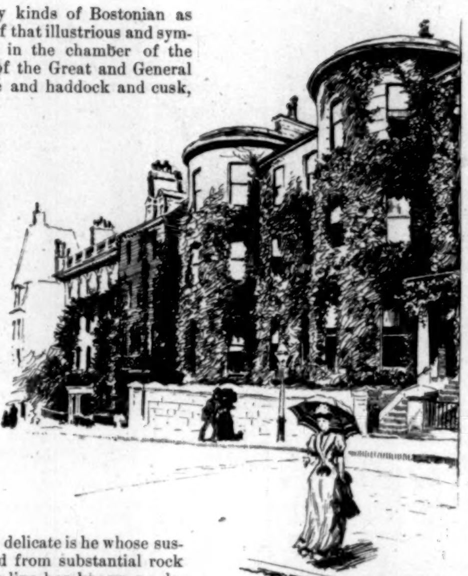
CHICAGO UNION LIME WORKS.

For the past twenty-five years Mr. F. E. Spooner has been Agent and Manager of the Chicago Union Lime Works, whose quarries and works are located at Lincoln and Nineteenth streets, occupying eighteen acres of ground. This is one of the largest plants in the country, and its products of lime and crushed stone are standard goods and universally known. The business was established in 1859, and is owned by T. W. Phinney. The company's output of lime per month is fifty thousand barrels.

THE CLUBS OF BOSTON.

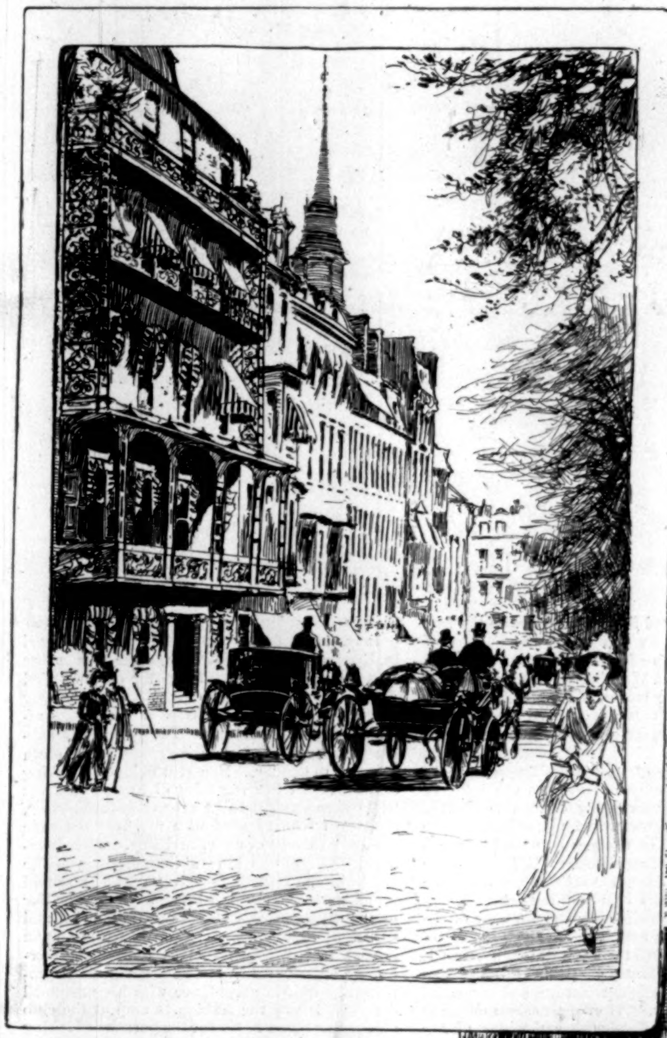
BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND H. GARRETT.



THE SOMERSET CLUB.

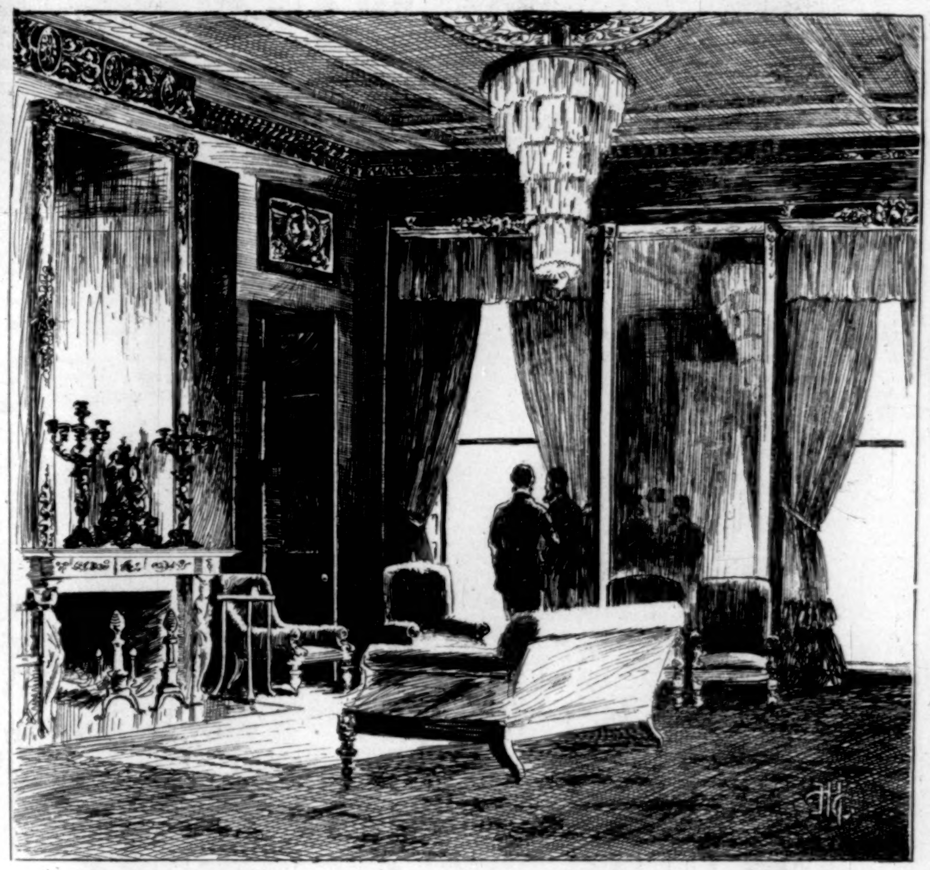
THERE are as many kinds of Bostonian as there are varieties of that illustrious and symbolic fish which hangs in the chamber of the more populous branch of the Great and General Court. There are hake and haddock and cusk, never wandering far from home, content to spend their days in local waters, and to cater to the humblest appetites. There is the deep-sea swimmer, the crowning glory of the civic chowder, who, still redolent of his briny birthplace, travels from end to end of this broad land, finds his way into the most foreign of foreign parts, furnishes the material for the honest fish-balls of a nation, and occasionally for some of its dishonest deviled crabs. Last and best, there is the distinguished and aristocratic rock-cod. How delicious, toothsome, and delicate is he whose sustenance has been derived from substantial rock bottoms, and whose long line has known no deterioration in its food or its society! He is to be found in his perfection at that famous resort of gourmets and their imitators at Point Shirley, where he immediately follows "Turbot, King of the Sea." Some of the human rock-cod, like Mr. Howells's Bromfield Corey, are even schroded. Codfish aristocracy indeed! Is there anything finer to be had among the nobility of our republic?



THE UNION CLUB.

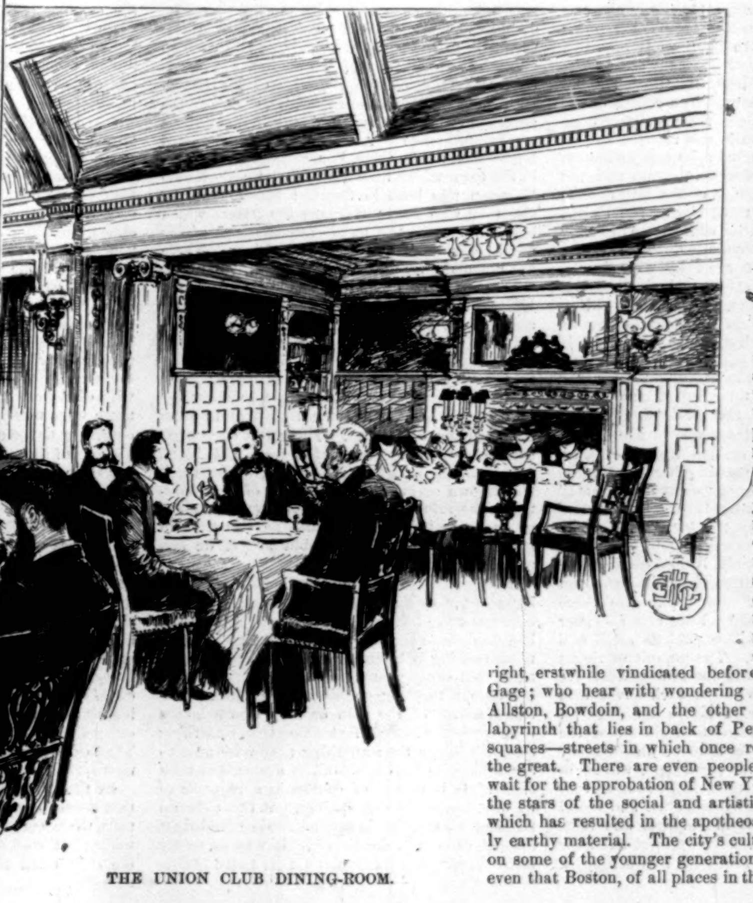
There is variety of human nature in other cities, but in Boston there is added the informing and diverting spirit of intense locality. The capitalist recommends an investment because the corporation is controlled in Boston. Boston hospitality fills one to repletion. The Boston of the rock-cod quarter, if you are thought worthy, admits you to its mysteries, and then shows its faith in itself by assuming that you are on its own superior level. The tradesman tells you that his silks, his satins, his gimlets, and his patent button-holes are made expressly for the Boston market. The North End fruiterer sells you a peach grown from a tree planted and raised by a Delaware man whose son married a Boston girl or the cabman who drives you to the station informs you that the Bostons have once more beaten the Giants. The very Irishmen mingle the city's pronunciation with their brogue. So seriously are these people impressed with themselves that they have gone to the extreme length of mixing their punch with a joke, as if it were a fundamental and basic truth that their town is really the hub of the universe.

This civic pride has been a tower of strength to Boston. Speaking of it as if it were an individual, as we may, because its population is homogeneous, it has more character than any other city in the country. A small New-Yorker who does not appreciate the true value of his own cosmopolitanism, or a denizen of any other of our great towns who does not comprehend the desirability of a large and interesting variety in the municipal life of the nation, may regard Boston as pretentious. It is, however, no more than self-respectful. It admits the peculiar excellences of other places. It has no rivals. It does not boast of its riches, but of its history and achievements. It preserves the memories of its Sons of Liberty and its Liberty Tree by carving a fac-simile of the latter, with an appropriate text, in brown stone on a brick store. It informs you by means of memorial stones of the site of John Hancock's house, of the legends of the ancient burying-grounds, of the home of Webster, and the birthplace of Franklin. The Old South still stands, and the spire of the Old North, in which shone Paul Revere's signal-light, still points upward. The people glory in their base-ball team, their pugilists, their yachts, and their university. The faults of the town spring from certain virile virtues which are sadly lacking elsewhere, and which give to its streets, byways, and localities an Old World charm. Its vivacious intellectual life makes its atmosphere stimulating, and its society by far the most entertaining that can be found on this side of the water. While those who make literature their occupation have run after the publishing houses of the larger abodes of wealth, a goodly number of those who remain behind pursue literature and art for their own sake, and utilize them, as other Americans do not, to grace their pleasures.

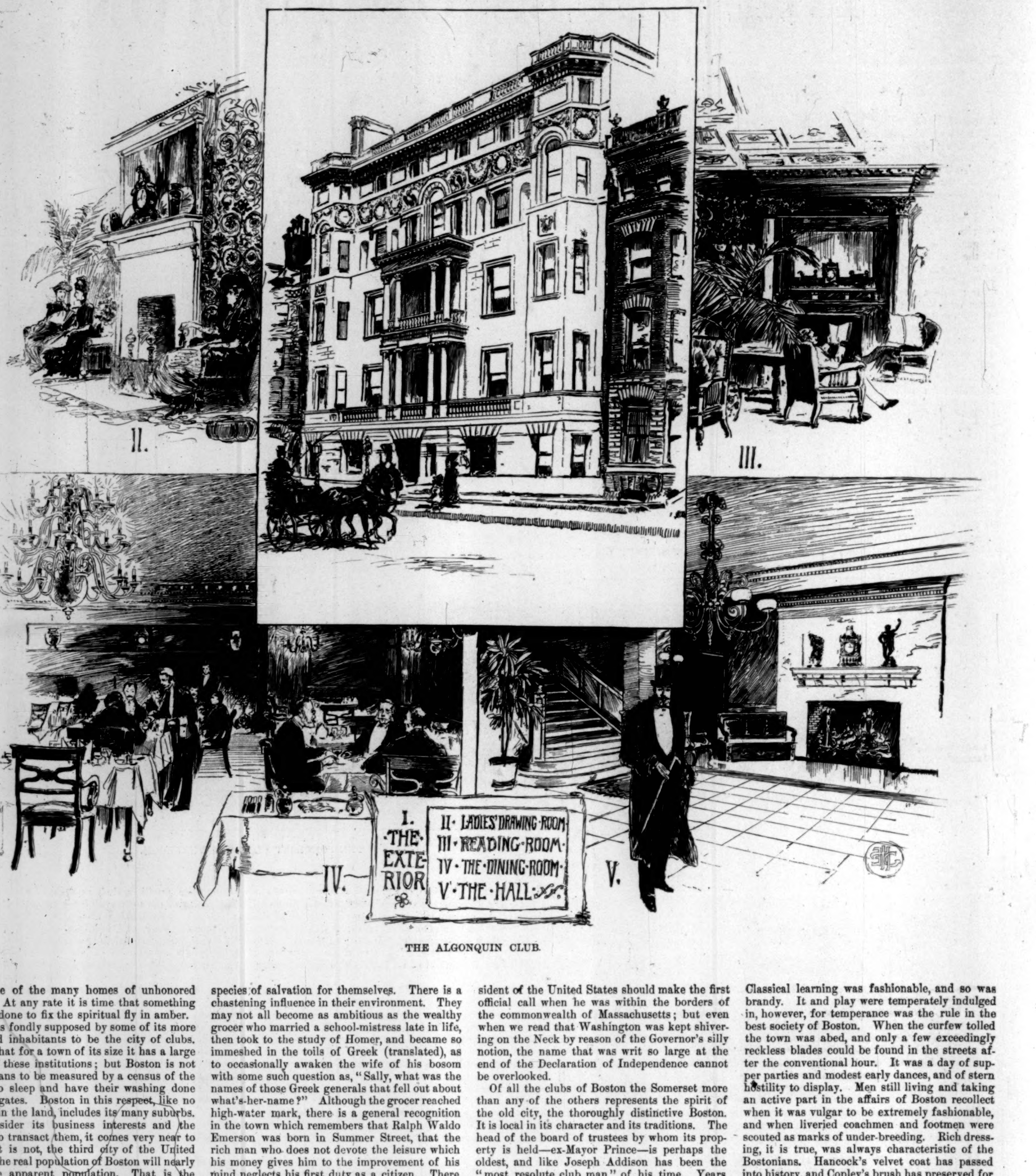


THE SOMERSET CLUB DRAWING-ROOM.

It is sad to relate that, in the midst of all these virtues, there are growing up a set of Bostonians who have felt to the damage of their local pride the large and potent influence of the outside world, and there is fearful intimation in this that generations may be born who will destroy the individuality of the fine old place. There are even now native Bostonians who, having learned to revel in the material joys of other cities, do not know where the old elm stood; who, when they see the boys sliding down the hill on the Common, do not recall the historic fact that these youths are exercising a sacred right, erstwhile vindicated before the British General Gage; who hear with wondering surprise the names of Allston, Bowdoin, and the other thoroughfares of the labyrinth that lies in back of Pemberton and Bowdoin squares—streets in which once rolled the equipages of the great. There are even people in the old town who wait for the approbation of New York before they accept the stars of the social and artistic world — a tendency which has resulted in the apotheosis of some exceedingly earthy material. The city's cult has so little influence on some of the younger generations that there is danger even that Boston, of all places in the world, may some day



THE UNION CLUB DINING-ROOM.



THE ALGONQUIN CLUB.

become one of the many homes of unhonored prophets. At any rate it is time that something should be done to fix the spiritual fly in amber.

Boston is fondly supposed by some of its more untravelled inhabitants to be the city of clubs. It is true that for a town of its size it has a large number of these institutions; but Boston is not by any means to be measured by a census of the people who sleep and have their washing done within its gates. Boston in this respect, like no other city in the land, includes its many suburbs. If we consider its business interests and the people who transact them, it comes very near to being, if it is not, the third city of the United States. The real population of Boston will nearly double the apparent population. That is the reason why it sustains newspapers with circulations reaching above 100,000, and so many theatres. It is true, however, that the clubs of Boston illustrate with remarkable clearness what we have been recently saying concerning clubs in general. Nowhere else have the clubs been more completely a reflex of the life about them, and from which they take their being. They have been as aristocratic as the rock-cod influences could make them, as intensely local as the municipal Fourth of July oration, literary and artistic without the effort that in other less-favored spots attends the weaving of "culture's garland." It has always been possible to test the state of Boston's best society by the touchstone of its recognized aristocratic clubs, and to find other phases of its civic and social life mirrored in the haunts of the money getters, the politicians, and the rest, including the very best. Are there money getters in Boston? Yes; and as eager as the worst of those whose pockets swell and flourish with their gains. The pursuit of riches is one of Boston's sins, and one whose effects are most baleful. It has wrought such havoc that an enlightened graduate of Harvard College—a writer, too—has been heard to declare that the true worth of a newspaper is to be measured by the money returns to its publishers, which, in our own unenlightened metropolis, sounds very much like saying that the intellectual and moral standard of the many is the highest and best. The men of Boston who have wrought out their own wealth, however, seem also to work out a species of salvation for themselves. There is a chastening influence in their environment. They may not all become as ambitious as the wealthy grocer who married a school-mistress late in life, then took to the study of Homer, and became so immeshed in the toils of Greek (translated), as to occasionally awaken the wife of his bosom with some such question as, "Sally, what was the names of those Greek generals that fell out about what's-her-name?" Although the grocer reached high-water mark, there is a general recognition in the town which remembers that Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Summer Street, that the rich man who does not devote the leisure which his money gives him to the improvement of his mind neglects his first duty as a citizen. There are not many rich men in Boston content to see their sons grow up in the shadow of Harvard University without receiving some of its benefits; and if there were, the sons themselves would not consent to be prevented from taking the step which may eventually range their grandchildren in the very first circles, for it is harder for a Bostonian born out of the purple to enter the best society than it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven. There was once upon a time a great merchant, statesman, and friend of education in this exacting city, whose name was known everywhere, but whose offer of marriage was refused by a poor but proud daughter of an ancient lineage, because he was then in trade. He was prosperous, but as yet he had gained only wealth.

This feeling is very wrong in a republic. There is no doubt that this is the popular and proper belief, but the lofty spirit of rock-cod aristocracy has produced some very fine results, and among them nothing is better or nobler than the sentiment that every young man who inherits wealth must do something on his own account, something worthy of the man or men whose labors have made for him his fortunate place, something as much better than anything they were able to accomplish as his opportunities are greater than theirs. It is wrong, of course, in a republic to be proud of one's grandfather, but the cheerful philosopher will try his very best to see the bright side of even that deadly sin. It was very silly in Governor John Hancock to insist that the President of the United States should make the first official call when he was within the borders of the commonwealth of Massachusetts; but even when we read that Washington was kept shivering on the Neck by reason of the Governor's silly notion, the name that was writ so large at the end of the Declaration of Independence cannot be overlooked.

Of all the clubs of Boston the Somerset more than any of the others represents the spirit of the old city, the thoroughly distinctive Boston. It is local in its character and its traditions. The head of the board of trustees by whom its property is held—ex-Mayor Prince—is perhaps the oldest, and like Joseph Addison has been the "most resolute club man" of his time. Years ago, in 1826, the predecessor and ancestor of the Somerset Club was founded. In the language of its day it was called the Quarantine, because it was composed of "forty gentlemen of good family and position, sufficient fortune, and congenial pursuits and tastes." If ever a modern club was founded on the coffee-house gatherings of the wits of Anne's time it was the Quarantine, for there were wits in Boston in those days whose charming flavor continues to lend its delights to the talk of those who lived with them and remember them.

When the club was organized Boston was a little city with its own peculiar habits. The merchants and professional men went to their stores and offices very early in the morning. At noon every merchant was at the Exchange—which has just been demolished—for the purpose of meeting those whom he desired to see. The Exchange was only a place for meeting and making engagements. Business was not transacted there as it is in the modern Exchange. At two or three o'clock every one in Boston dined. There is a survival of this custom in the practice of the modern dining clubs of holding their fortnightly or monthly entertainments in the middle of the afternoon. Then came the tying up of the ends of the business strings, and then the club.

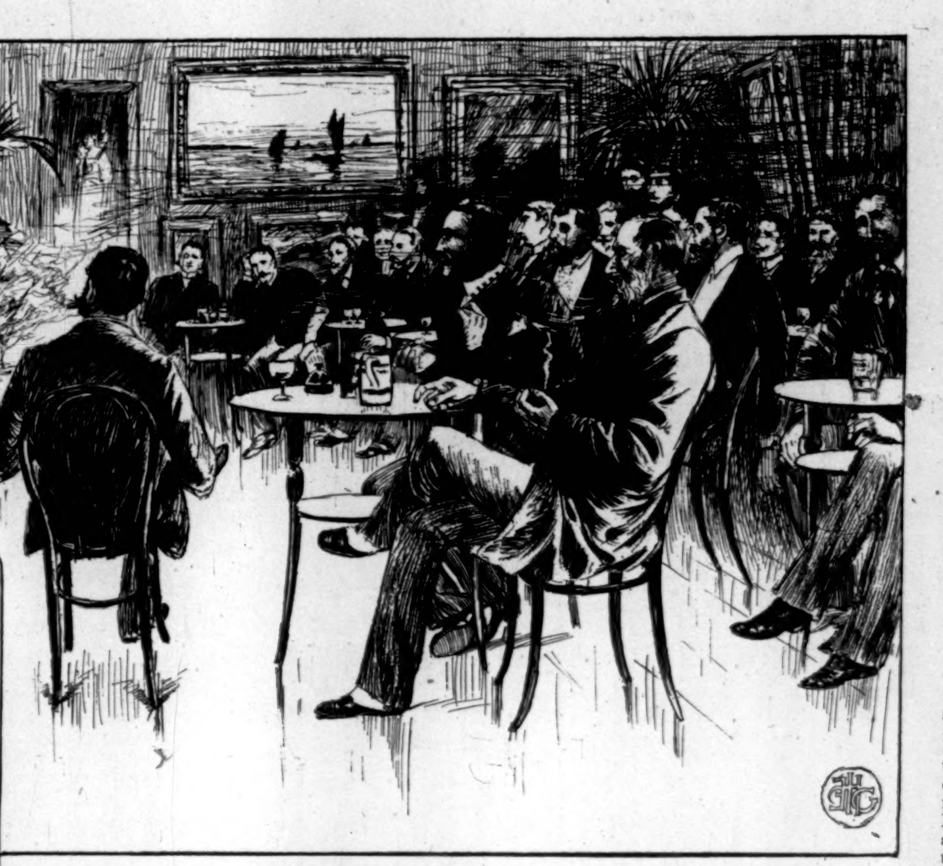
In that time, when a competence was a sum that would now be but the beginning of a fortune, there were idle men about town as there are to-day, but idleness and dissipation were excusable only when they were accompanied by wit. Classical learning was fashionable, and so was brandy. It and play were temperately indulged in, however, for temperance was the rule in the best society of Boston. When the curfew tolled the town was abed, and only a few exceedingly reckless blades could be found in the streets after the conventional hour. It was a day of supper parties and modest early dances, and of stern hostility to display. Men still living and taking an active part in the affairs of Boston recollect when it was vulgar to be extremely fashionable, and when liveried coachmen and footmen were scouted as marks of under-breeding. Rich dressing, it is true, was always characteristic of the Bostonians. Hancock's velvet coat has passed into history, and Copley's brush has preserved for us numerous costly damask dressing-gowns and silken turbans. The society that frowned upon liveries and display respected rank most thoroughly, and the man who had social position garnished himself in accordance with his presumed deserts. It was the fashion to stop at the club on the way home to tea for the purpose of taking one glass of brandy and water, and to listen to the conversation that was pretty sure to be stimulating and entertaining.

In the mean time the Quarantine had outgrown its forty congenial gentlemen, and had become the Temple Club, having moved its house into the street from which it takes its name. There was no restaurant. The club-rooms did not furnish to visitors the comforts and accommodations that are to be found at the modern houses. It was not an organization of good fellows who dropped in and dropped out, read the papers, chatted if they felt inclined, and wrote a note or two. It was every afternoon a real assemblage of the good fellows who met for the purpose of mutual entertainment over their glass of brandy and water.

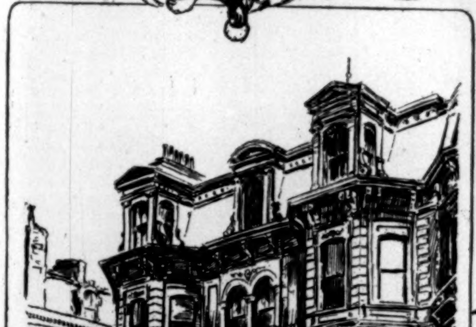
How different were the manners and customs of New York and Boston! When the gay youth of the Puritan city sought for new and strange forms of dissipation, they came on to the metropolis, and if they were fortunate enough to belong to the Temple, they were entertained by their brethren of the New York Club. In the course of the joyous festivities which attended these visits the members of the Temple Club made a startling discovery as to brandy. The liquor furnished by the two establishments seemed to the cultured palates of the Bostonians to be of the same quality. The two clubs paid and charged the same price, and yet the New York Club made money on the brandy, while the Temple Club lost. The problem vexed the club mind of Boston for many a wretched day. It interfered with the flow of wit, if not of spirits. Finally a demijohn of the New York brandy was bought, and a regular account with it was opened, and still the club lost money. Every drink was charged, but the cost was greater than the receipts. The keenest intellects of Boston were not to be defeated by a brandy bottle, and at last the theory was accepted that a Boston man took only one drink on his way home to tea; that, expecting no more, for he spent his evenings in the bosom of his family, he made that drink a mighty generous one. This meant very few drinks to the bottle, and loss to the club. The New York man, on the contrary, expected to take very many drinks in the course of the afternoon and evening, and consequently his measure of liquor was exceeding small. This meant very many drinks to the bottle and gains for the club.

It is highly probable that the recollection of the simple days when the dinner hour was three o'clock, and supper was the form of entertainment in vogue, is very much pleasanter than their actual presence would be, now that civilization has taught its sons and daughters to expect so much more. Boston grew out of the old times. When Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis set up the afternoon tea for admirable reasons, European customs were admitted into the Puritan circle, and business places and homes becoming more and more estranged and distant, down-town mid-day lunch was established, and dinner was served in the evening. Besides growing larger and more modern, Boston was growing richer, and the younger and more fashionable members of the Temple Club wanted an establishment more on the scale and after the manner of the famous institutions of Pall Mall. Out of the Temple Club, which still exists, therefore, in 1852, grew the Somerset, which took its name from the street on which stood its first club-house. This had been a private dwelling belonging to one of those antique citizens having so strong a will of his own as to undertake to control his homestead after he had departed, let us hope, for his mansion in the skies. The particular burden with which he charged his heirs was the maintenance of the court-yard in front of the building. The Somerset Club was to Boston what the Union Club was then to New York, and this testamentary clutch on their privileges was too much for the young men, who envied the splendid opportunities furnished by the bow-window of White's. At last the trustees found a legal blind alley up which they conducted their grantors. It enabled them to sell the house to the Congregational Society, who have since blotted out the court-yard, doubtless with the club's law point. The sale was made when two beautiful granite houses belonging to the Sears family were in the market, and these were bought, and being thrown into one, are still occupied by the club.

The property has always been in the best society. Before it was owned by the Searses it belonged to Copley, that most fashionable of last century portrait-painters, and here stood the house in which he dwelt. It has seen many a rout in its day. The seal of well-born Boston is on it, and, for old associations' sake, it is to be hoped that for years to come the club will continue to occupy the noble building, so suggestive of Boston at its very best. Its huge swell fronts are now covered with the Boston ivy, both the swells and the plant being characteristic of the city. The club is not intellectual or literary or artistic. It is a place where its members spend their idle hours; where they have the comforts of an excellent restaurant; where a man can be pretty sure of a good game of whist; where one may lounge to his heart's content, and listen to and share in the talk which engages the minds of the men about Boston town. In short, the Somerset is a club after the model of the best of its kind, with the infusion of the spirit of Boston. In its list of members are family names that have been honorably known in the city for generations—of men who have given the city its rank in the history of the country.



A SMOKE TALK AT THE ST. BOTOLPH.



THE ST. BOTOLPH CLUB.

If one should ask what it is that most especially sets apart Boston, and gives a unique tone to its spirit, the answer is that which made Athens most interesting among the cities of the Grecian League—the eager interest of all the citizens in the municipal life. This is the true foundation of that self-respect which is so often mistaken for pretentiousness and boastfulness. There are very few citizens, even of the youngest generation, so degenerate as to be uninterested in municipal elections, in street pavements, in the quarrels of local magnates, in yachting, in the parks, in the altercations between the police and the preachers on the Common, in the condition of the water at Chestnut Hill or the frog pond, in the Symphony Concerts, in the Fourth of July regatta, in the fight for the control of the Democratic City Committee, in the cost of the latest Aldermanic funeral junket, in the occasional theological outbursts that still agitate the two branches of the Congregational Church, in the rate of taxation, in the question of the identity of the author of the last anonymous novel, or in the relative merits of the industrial arts, Concord philosophy, and cookery as subjects for instruction in the public schools. It is true that one does not always hear these subjects, or any of them, discussed in Boston society, or at the Somerset Club; but it is true that there are a great many more people interested in these and kindred topics in Boston than can be found among the comparatively idle classes of any other city in the land.

It is hardly fair to speak of the idle class of Boston. The city is very rich, and there are many people in it who are not in active business or professional life, but there are very few who do nothing but amuse themselves. Even those who do spend their time in the search for joy have enough of the spirit of Eolus in their nature to prefer a yacht that is managed by sailor-men to any that is run by stokers. There are no better yachtsmen in the world than those who hail from Beacon Street and the Back Bay, and are to be found from early summer until late autumn on the sea or at the handsome home of the Eastern Yacht Club on Marblehead Neck. Was it not from among these followers "over the swan's road, over the whale's bath, over the long snake's leap," that the Vikings came who built the last three cup defenders?

As a rule, however, as has been already said, the Boston man is busy. If his father was famous in the city, he is regarded reproachfully by his fellow-townsmen if he does not add some honor to his inheritance. Therefore he opens a law office, or tries his hand at literature, or becomes a physician, or goes into politics. He may ride steeple-chases at the Country Club, or he may go to other extremes in sports and athletics, the temptations to which are stronger, or at least more concentrated, in Boston than anywhere out of New England; but he tries to do some real work in the world, and even if he accomplishes nothing of material value he at least makes of himself a more interesting man. This exaction by society, and this sentiment of those who might be, if they would, such gilded youth as nightly stormed the streets of degenerate Rome, mark Boston, not because they do not exist elsewhere, but because they are so nearly universal there as to change the social atmosphere into an ambition that is at least infrequent in the fashionable society of other towns. Boston has its worthless rich as it has its helpless poor, and they are not only tolerated, but are not ostracised. Bostonians, however, being very proud of their city, expect every one who has enjoyed the inestimable privilege of being born on one of its seven hills, whether it be the aristocratic Beacon or the lowly Fort, shall do something for the glory of his native town, and this local spirit is finely stimulating, making social life from the top to the bottom of the scale much more interesting than modern life usually is. And one finds at the Somerset Club, and especially among its older members, more than in any other club of the city, the honest pride of a Boston older than the city of to-day—a pride which has for its subject and object more than the achievements of this year or last year, and which venerates and loves historic Boston as a priceless part of the family possessions.

There is a delightful feature of the Somerset Club which is also the outgrowth of Boston's life. To a Bostonian a club is as essential as it is to a Londoner, and the city being compact, the clubs are near enough to the business parts of the town to make their restaurants available for the mid-day luncheon. One of the most faithful of club men has broached the very likely theory that the club restaurants of the city are so good that there are very few other bearable restaurants. From this it follows not only that the Boston man who has no club is the most unfortunate and unhappy of created beings, but that his fate is shared by the Boston woman whose husband, brother, cousin, or, in the language of the common law, next friend is not on the list of some institution with a culinary artist. And does the Boston woman need a down-town restaurant? Ay, marry, that she does, for—and now we come to speak of one of the most grievous sins by which this goodly town is beset—the more highly bred a Bostonian, the more of a tax dodger he is; and this is true not so much because he does not love his native city, or because he is penurious, as because the municipal government is in the hands of those whom we are wont to call, when we stray into politics, "our foreign-born fellow-citizens." From very early in the spring until very late in the autumn the rich Bostonian lives in the country, near enough to enable him to reach town every morning comfortably. His wife and daughters are also compelled, by the demands of their wardrobes and for other purposes, to make frequent visits to town, and so the Somerset Club early established a restaurant for these partners of its members' joys, whither they might have their parcels sent, where they might meet their natural protectors, and enjoy in that congenial company the exquisite delights of the club cuisine.

It ought to be unnecessary to state that club law and custom are so observed at the Somerset that this gracious bit of hospitality has not been made an opening for the introduction of women into the principal part of the establishment, which is reserved, as long may it be, for men alone.

There are two cities that have very distinctly marked physical social boundaries. There is a vast number of poor Philadelphians and Bostonians who pinch themselves and deprive their families of the necessaries of life in order that they may live outside of the prohibited borders. Partly to avoid moving to the South End, Boston built its Back Bay district by filling in the lands that the falling tides left bare. Thus Beacon Street was extended, and Commonwealth Avenue was created. The region in which fashion might reside, in which visits might be paid, was greatly widened, and the happy spaces that once were river-bottom urged their artful attractions upon all who had the means of purchasing them. There was a rush to get within the widened but still charmed circle. Many who had been cramped in the narrow confines of the original Beacon Street and its circumjacent thoroughfares, and many who had been content to dwell at the South End, raised their stately edifices on Commonwealth Avenue. There was a new infusion of blood in social Boston, and at last it has come to be recognized that all the clubable good fellows of the city are not to be found in the old families. The growth of opportunities and wealth is constantly going on in this republic, and is as constantly making old traditions, so far as they concern names and families, less sacred. Notwithstanding the admirable sentiment to which we have done full justice, the aristocracy of Boston, like everything else in nature, is the better for an occasional supply of new blood and new energy. Here, as everywhere, there is the temptation to the vain pursuits which lead to the weak-mindedness of inanition, very strong with those who are not under the necessity of doing something for the solid rewards of industry. Although the tone of the general atmosphere is exhilarating, there is sometimes a miasmatic influence. Although the British aristocracy is, on the whole, a sound and wholesome body, there is an occasional noble lord who marries a concert-hall singer, prefers rat-baiting to the performance of his inherited legislative duties, grinds a hand-organ, and figures in the police courts. Is it to the credit of Boston or not that few, very few, of its youth who are born with silver spoons sink so low as the bad eggs of the British peerage? Perhaps it is because in this country opportunities are not presented to infants at their birth, but must be striven and worked for. It is, after all, very difficult to feel much confidence in the potency of names and family traditions when we find the heirs of old houses in the rags of their own vices, and the descendants of the poor and humble toilers of a generation or two ago in the lead of all that is good in the city.

So Boston has received in its social kingdom from time to time new names, the men who have made them respected coming first, and the rest following. There are two clubs in Boston which exist because the Somerset and the Union were full. They are the Puritan and Algonquin. The former is composed mainly of the very young men who will eventually come into the Somerset. The latter is made up of members of the Somerset, the Union, and all the other old clubs of the town, and of new men who have been gradually broadening Boston's social life. This most recent of the clubs of Boston has reared its dwelling—the most beautiful in American clubdom—